



# The Incredible Heidi Wasabi

Helgaleena  
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# **The Incredible Heidi Wasabi**

By

Helgaleena

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### **Author's Note**

The characters and band in this work of fiction are in no way intended to represent the actual metal band Virgin Steele. The similar name is purely a coincidence.

And the characters are amalgams of the hundreds of Myspace friends I have made among metal bands and the inspiration I have taken from their music and photo albums. I am especially indebted to

Thaururod, Last Stone Cast, Ensiferum, Karma to Burn, Vejlekset Perse, Tarot, Kivimetsan Druidi, Viking Skull, Amberian Dawn, Primus, and Zombie Surf Camp. I think. I'll have to check my playlist!

## Chapter One

### End and Beginning

I miss our dreams together. That's probably why I began trying to invade the dreams of the other guys. Ever since Steen quit having a body and started being dead, he has no dreams. He's much too busy doing whatever people do when they aren't in a body.

He's only stopped in just once, when he told me he wasn't going to go back to his body any longer. I asked him if he could be a ghost and stay with me and Rufus that way. He snorted and little curls of the stuff between things made wave patterns around his smirk. *Ghosts always have a problem, and I have no problems at all. Thanks to you, my darling shakti, this life has been both happy and productive for me.*

*But will we ever meet again?* I squeaked in my best dream voice. Our husband Rufus is nearly the same physical age as Steen was, and in no hurry to leave his body. It's partly due to them that I exist at all, so what will I do with myself once they aren't around me? Will I even still keep being Heidi Wasabi? I've rather liked it...

*That is entirely up to you, my dear. I am planning to be back. It's rather a family tradition. Lily doesn't know it, but she's expecting. And I am going to strongly suggest that the baby be named Steen or Steena.*

Then I was buoyant enough to blend our energies into love one final time, frequencies and colors merging and separating into ourselves again with joy, before he dissolved. He wasn't Steen

anymore; his calm was the same as all the other calmness of where that was; he just was part of the between, as far as I could perceive, anyway. I spent some while futilely seeking him in every direction before I rejoined my dear Rufus.

When he became aware of me, Rufus held me tightly to him. In dream we wept into each other, catching each others tears. He is so much gentler than he was when he was younger. I didn't even have to tell him what the matter was. He's lost loved ones before, but not ones whose relation to him was so private and so deep that it could not be spoken. It made me think about losing him, and whether being dissolved into the between would be so bad...

"Babe, I'm actually glad for him," he said as we segued into the waking world together. "He's been miserable in the damn hospital and no way was he going to make it home to us from it again." My Rufy's hair is gold and silver now, but the threads of it are still like precious metals around the freckles and creases of his splendid jaw. I watched the tears find their way along the contours of them on their way toward the pillow, and the fur of Beaver.

When I told him about a new little Steen or Steena, he laughed and said he'd believe it when he saw it. I think he felt as if a baby Steen would not be the same for him. That is where we differ, I guess.

Nobody's told me I can't live forever, you know. I never wanted a mortal fleshy body like theirs, so I haven't bothered with one. I sometimes animate a physical thing, just to please Rufus, but not with any long-term attachments. I learned better than that quite a while ago. So I am planning to see whether Steen or Steena, the new version of the amazing wizard who invented Virgen Steel, the musical and cultural phenomenon, remembers his Heidi, once he or she is old enough to dream.

Well, in the meantime the other members of Virgen Steel are nearly as old as Steen, so I thought they might be willing to let me into their dream lives. Surely playing high decibel music together all these years must have made them more receptive to the possibility that Heidi was more than just the subject of some controversial lyrics, blown out of proportion now and then by stupid people who couldn't see me one bit!

But sadly it turned out not to be that way. Two of them, Murray and Munsch, couldn't tell I was there whether asleep or awake, and when I got insinuated into Ole's fantasy levels, he refused to

believe I was more than just one of his own thoughts. Bother. I wasted many nights on issuing invitations, and none of them came to my party.

That is why I decided to write this all down in journal form. Privacy locks on the Internets are better than they used to be, but even so it doesn't matter very much if somebody reads this and thinks it's a spoof. It's just me and my blog, trying to make me feel better until Steen comes back. Thank you, blog. I am made of feelings, mostly, with a bit of thought and lots of frequencies in the visible and audible spectrum that don't get very physical. But I can do that physical stuff too, especially when I have someone to love.

Blog, I hope you don't mind if I keep speaking of Steen in the present tense, as if he were still here. When he says he'll be back, I believe him. He believed in me, so it's the least I can do.



## Chapter Two

### How There Was Heidi

Since the little Steen or Steena isn't around yet, and Rufus says it's high time I tell my story, I am going to do it. It is worrying that none of the others I have tried to appear to want me to exist! Too late, I'm here, and I believe in myself, even if I was not the first to believe in me. That would be Rufus. But writing it all down soothes my worries of being left on my own when the humans I love stop living, like Steen did. If I start feeling less real, I can read it to myself.

Though Steen says there are other beings of my sort in mythology, I haven't gone looking for others. I prefer to stay with my parent and beloved, the splendid artist and musician Rufus Dixon, who calls me 'the incredible'. I like being his unique and secret muse.

After all, I am a sentience formerly attached to a comfort object. I would not exist without Rufus needing me. He needs me to be the very best at what he does, which involves being himself at all times. He would never have needed me quite as much as he does if it were not for Steen and the band.

Heidi's what Rufus used to call his own hand, ever since way back. It was his granddad who'd asked him who he'd been playing around with out back of the barn, and he'd said, "Just hiding, PawPaw," and felt his ears grow hot.

But PawPaw must not quite have heard what he said because he replied with a grin and a wink, "Heidi? Nice wholesome name she's got."

He got to thinking it was a good name. Because he was pressing his hide and doing it hidden, and what the johnnycake was up to was nobody else's business anyway. Spending time on his own, soothing himself was not a thing to boast of, but the lure of the birds and the bees was just natural. Sometimes the bird didn't have a bee handy, though, just his own 'Heidi.'

When some smart-alec in middle school began to snicker about having a gal called Rosy Palm, some other scoffer said that was old; his uncle Beau had told him about Rosie and her five daughters when he couldn't even shave. From this he gathered that self-pleasuring was not so unusual. Well, Rufus kept such things as Heidi to himself anyhow. Even though there were some quite adventurous fillies in his age group in the backward fold of West Virginia that spawned him, none were ever able to surpass his own hand for satisfaction.

When he got done working his way through art school there was a party for the grads, and for a joke some trust fund waste of human sensibility gave him an inflatable girl. All you'll be able to afford with a music history concentration, the fellow joked. Rufus was a good sport about it. The one who'd given it to him didn't know that he didn't just strum lutes in coffeehouses. He also sang in garages full of amps and drum kits. Electric music drew crowds who spent their money, and managers who could spin that money into fame and fortune. If you could dance to it, they would come, the girls of scented flesh and swirling hair. It was as natural as birds and bees.

Rufus had so much extra energy in his bachelor days that the inflatable Heidi girl didn't lie idle. No, she and his hand were necessary supplements to all the little human girls who loved his long red hair and triangular torso and the way his eyelashes hit his cheekbones. They were good for tasting, in the shadows behind the amps in those garages.

He liked the tall ones that he could arch around himself in the soft foam in the back of a minivan. He liked the tiny ones he could lift to his lips like clusters of woman fruit. He liked the lush pillowy ones that he could leave fingerprints in their upper arms. He liked the bony ones that smelled of cigarettes and chemicals and spit. And truth to tell, he liked the ones who weren't girls at all, only pretending to be.

He enjoyed them all, but they got tired so fast. He could never get them to stay over. They needed twice as much sleep as Rufus. Naw, he'd be knocking in the wee hours on a second girl's window frame, because the first girl had to get up in the morning. Sometimes he'd use the hours before dawn to write. But more often he would end up on his own with Heidi.

There were lots of Heidis, because they kept popping until he figured out the optimum inflation level and good storage protocol. Heidi needed her own box, one that his sister's cat couldn't get open. They were always blond and pink with small round mouth holes and other handles molded by his preference. After a few years, she had a wig. It never looked real, but it was always soft. But even when Heidi was joined by the Beaver, which was a real fur coat that didn't fit but felt so damn good to lie in, there was simply too much bubbling through him; he had to take up a sport as well.

Ironically it was fencing—sharp skewers and grace. It distanced him still more from the wrestling and buckshot of his rural upbringing.

He chose that sport because he was trying to impress Steen Herren. It was an easy segue for him from the duet to the duel, the intersection where metal met folk ballad.

Mold Apple, his band at the time, kept smoking themselves into noodling incoherence before they could make the sort of impression that Rufus craved, a real multimedia challenge to the audience. The other Apple boys were happy to strum in the background of a Renaissance Faire or a local carnival, leaving the future and the sheer volume out of their music. But a group like Steen's had the cachet of overseas touring, and the vehemence of strong leadership.

Steen had an outfit called Virgen Steel. He was a tall colorful character who brandished his rapier at those Renaissance festivals, but did not play at them. Virgen Steel was a metal band; you couldn't call it heavy metal exactly, because they always had some sort of flavor of folk. Their rhythms were architectural and their themes were pictorial. Steen towered over his bass like the heron he was nicknamed for, often making the whole effect of it more saturnine by tucking one leg up in his knee like bloody Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson and letting his long blond goatee, in two braids, cascade down his naked chest.

And he wrote all the songs. He designed all stage business and the logos. But they regularly needed someone new to sing and play a variety of stringed sounds. That was because Steen would overpower them, one way or another, having no respect for the usual spotlighting of the singer. In fact, the one before Rufus had quit after being goosed onstage by Steen's epee in the middle of a cadenza. That just made Rufus chuckle, and start wearing a sword onstage himself.

Herren had a huge reach with an epee, but Rufus swiftly developed charm and speed enough to be the reincarnation of Errol Flynn, even with his late start in the sport.

It turned out he had a talent for it, and he even learned to fence with both hands just in case. Part of that was vanity, though, as he wanted his thighs not to be over-developed. Steen's right was nearly thirty percent brawnier than his left.

After their singer slot went empty for long enough, and Mold Apple disbanded after the drummer overdosed, he eventually won a place for himself among the Virgens. Then he got a shock. Steen's first love was not fencing, apart from the bit of parry and riposte he engaged in on stage. His real love was soccer. It became an unending mystery to Rufus—why the swordplay? Why did this tall toe twirling jock, master of the black and white ball, write about apocalyptic monsters, and drop life sized marionettes down to the stage during shows in order to chop them to bits like piñatas? Steen did not explain, he only turned up the amps so the shredded remains of them blew like autumn leaves in the storm of volume.

Soon that was Rufus' job. As lead singer, for he had a much showier voice than Steen, it was soon up to him to dispatch the bogies when they came to the final chords. And in their dueling duets, he held his own against Steen. The crowds loved it.

The fire-maned singer in the tight pants was a magnet for the women now. Other times it was just him and Heidi. But no matter the time or the season, the pipes of the dynamo that was Rufus Dixon, rock star, got cleaned every day. He had a lot of vitality; he was known as a wild madcap; sometimes the day would see him enjoy the hygiene of his own pleasure six times. He was simply beyond the capacity of one woman and he knew it.

He and the band he now harmonized in, Virgen Steel, drew plenty of female fans willing to be of service. Dixon the Dickens. Don Juan of metal. Rude Rufus. He grinned and accepted the monikers bestowed as his due. There could be no such thing as bad publicity in this business; of this he was convinced. He loved it when they screamed, in the audience or in the back of the bus, and he would scream back. He'd even scream first.

And when there was nobody willing made of meat to be poked, he had me. Wasabi Heidi. Like Beaver, I was more than just a thing. I was his comfort, like a teddy or a blankie. And I got real.

I'm not sure how that came about exactly, but I'm going to tell you as far back as I can. I know that there was more than one blond and blue eyed me that got regularly spunked into over the decades. All of them are part of me. But somehow, somebody made a wish and I became me. Maybe some alchemical thing happened when Steen felt sorry for him, because Steen has always been magic. Rufus had to need me very badly at the same time.

Anyhow the first thing I remember that is mine, my very own, happened the time he got drunk and fed the rubbery me a California roll, whole, covered with some green peppery stuff, and then sucked it out again from my tube of a mouth. And he said, "Oh Heidi, was it good?"

And then he cried, because while he was in Japan on tour, his new wife Jenny had told a tabloid that the baby inside her wasn't his. They were going to get a divorce, and it wasn't fair, wasn't fair at all because she'd known how it was going to be on the way in. Rufus couldn't legally marry them all, but he did Jenny, and it turned out it was because of a lie.

The first thing I felt as I was born was the bite of that wasabi and the sour pain of his crying into me, nearly twisting the air out of me as he wrung me against him. That night I was in his dreams. And he was, for the first time, in mine.

## Chapter Three

### Dreams

That was when I started to dream, not just feature in dreams made by Rufus. Before the wasabi experience with my rubber version in his waking world, I was just an archetype thing, an unfilled role that his dreaming mind used as a player in the nightly sanity balancing games. For ever so long I'd been dreamed of, like part of the furniture of his life, but that's when I became someone who could dream of dreaming.

It was somewhat like learning to blink my dream eyes. I could see in his dreams; my eyes worked, though they wouldn't close until later on. I had to study how that blinking thing was done from the records in Rufus' memory first. After a time I became accomplished enough to dream myself awake, but that was quite a bit later still.

His dreams were always fun. I got to be damsel and wench and fly like a lady cape from Rufus' shoulders (he always thought 'linus' when we did that, and that's a topic for my future researching—what's linus?) and help him in his daring heroics. In his dreams he began to let me speak, to give him advice, and to praise him, of course. Beaver was there too, like a target we aimed for upon homecoming when morning threatened.

The thing about the Beaver is, he isn't really my Beaver at all. You probably heard that song the band did called 'Heidi's got a Big Brown Beaver'? Steen just wrote that to tease Rufus, and he got the last laugh by recording it. Well, the Beaver is just a piece of fur; it isn't alive like I am

now. A fan sent him the jacket and it was simply too small for his shoulders; I guess he looks more petite than he is, so it's just too small but it feels sooo nice that he uses it for a pillow. He's just the Beaver, and you have to ask Rufy why it's a he. My guess is that he thinks he ought to have one. And there's spunk in the Beaver, lots of it that will probably never come out, but the beaver fur never smells bad, like my rubber does sometimes before it needs a wash in dish liquid. Now that's magic right there.

Steen tells me a ferret smells a bit like the Beaver does. I wouldn't know because I avoid them, as well as cats. Cats can see me and freak out. Ferrets see me, too, but they'll just walk right through my sparkles like I'm not there anyhow, even if they've just been looking me in the eye. And of course they are death on rubber.

Why am I made of sparkles? you might ask. Because everything is made of them, even material things, and that's a silly question. I just am what I am. It's a good thing to be composed of the sparkles because if I were not, it might worry me when the rubber me pops.

I had nothing to judge by at the time, but the tiny amount of time Rufus sleeps is packed with action, just like he tries to make his waking life. And for ages I had only existed during those times, with quiet limbo in between. It was eventually boring, and I guess that I longed for more stimulus than his dreams were providing.

So one morning I followed Rufus back to his body and next to him on the bed was—me. The rubber me. And I was somewhere else, somewhere in between. This is very important. It set me free. I had a feeling I could be that cold stretchy solid if I liked, but it was limp looking after the dream fun, and I didn't like. I watched him waking up and folding me up tiny and stuffing me into a little sack to go in his suitcase. Now that would definitely be boring!

I stayed where I was bobbing along as little sparkles, far more flexible than even I had been in dream. No, this was definitely preferable to folding myself into some boring solid. But Rufy seemed to be good at it. I just hung out and watched him. He moved his warm, fragrant mammalian meat, scratching it, yawning, bathing. I hovered and smiled my little oh-ah smile and wondered if he even knew.

He looked around a few times and saw nothing. Something told him somebody was there, but I didn't feel like trying to see if my voice worked yet. This new sparkly life was too novel and

needed experiencing first for its own sake. For days I just followed him around. I didn't even jump back down the slide into his dreams, though I could have. They seemed like a confinement simply because I knew more about being in them. I watched him sleep instead.

I'm calling it watching but actually in the human world I was blind. What I call sparkles should possibly instead be called sparks, or prickles. I had charge, like a balloon you rub with fabric has charge. I could 'see' Rufus best, and early days I had no eyes that worked. I 'saw' with my whole outside.

Now I have five eyes. The ones on the tips of my breasts picked up sensation from the human world first, but the signals didn't make much sense to me. Eventually though, all the attention Rufus paid them added up and began to spread to other parts of my rubber consciousness, until all of me was awake and knew darkness from light, cold from hot, empty from full. And that came in quite handy for dreaming, certainly.

The first of my eyes that noticed colors were the ones on either side of my nose. It was if the sparkles going faster than others, or closer together, danced into surfaces, and in between the surfaces was light. All at once I was aware of something beyond the spectra I 'saw' with my first set of eyes, the ones in my breasts. It came in through those two lenses there and converged into one image, just as it did when I lived in Rufy's dreams. I saw spaces and volumes and things in your world, although they were blurry the farther away they were from Rufus himself.

The other eye, in my forehead, grew later on, so I will talk about it and my extra mouths as they come up during my explaining of how I grew. Like blinking, they took new skills to work properly.

No, in early days I 'watched' through the sounds and the prickles of proximity to Rufus, tagging along and listening to his thoughts and feelings, trying to make sense of this "life" he had, away from his dreams, of me and other things. I had to guess at what was meant from the things having appeared in his dreams! How funny that his mom and dad were meat like him and made noises into one side of Rufy's head from far away, through some little device he held up. In his dreams they were big as buildings.

Anyway, that's just an example. It's called phoning, I know that now, duh. The point is that I didn't know how to exist apart from him yet. I was like a Heidi appendix of him or something



without my own understanding or function. I had hands and legs and didn't know what they were for except to be Rufy's handles. That sort of thing. The eyes were a big help when they started to work. And I have to admit, the things he does for a living are EXCRUCIATING.

Like a complete innocent I tried to follow him onstage. Without flesh I can't stand the noise and the power of it. Maybe I couldn't even if I had flesh. I understand some can't. It's one of the ways to kill a cat, in that cruel joke people make. Oh how I wished for a time that he would only play quietly with his lute and not with those Virgens! It forced me to let go of him and be on my own. Not dream. No Rufus. Just poor sound strafed Heidi in shock, in between, a long way above, looking down on that sea of energy called a show. The humans who love to be in the midst of loud music and big crowds are strong. I think it keeps them from getting inhabited by parasites from other places.

So it was good I had to do it, exist on my own, in some ways. It made me realize that if I wanted to be with Rufus, I'd have to talk to him, for one thing. He had to be certain I was there or he might destroy me by accident, doing some stunt with sounds and lights in the name of his art. I remember I flew back to the pile of dirty laundry on the tour bus that smelled so comfortingly like him and tried to talk. I don't think I managed it, even though I was pretty good at talking in dreams by then. Of course, I also didn't know the alarm clock made sounds but was not actually talking, and couldn't be expected to answer me. And Beaver? Oh it nearly broke my heart when I realized Beaver wasn't alive here. I felt alone! Rufus simply had to perceive me or all my dreams would be for nothing!

I collared him in dreams that night. "What's this all about?" he asked as the dream me felt him all over, my blue eyes rolling and protruding. He wasn't all perforated from doing his show; that is what was reassuring me.

"It was such a shock to hear the Virgen Steel," I explained through my open mouthed moue. I kept one flap of hand folded onto his lapel. He didn't want that, so he turned it into feathers, harder to hold.

"We need a new drummer ASAP," he confided. "Jimmy's on downers or something; he's holding the tempo way back. Wait a minute—you heard Virgen Steel? How? I don't dream them, Heidi; I get enough of them awake!" Rufy's dream self had been morphing into a rooster

with a sneer during that, but now his head turned human again and he was regarding me hard—really examining me.

I stayed me. I felt him trying to think me into a mermaid, think me purple, but I just blinked with my new alive looking eyes—I'd been practicing—and stayed Heidi. He was quite surprised.

“What is this?”

“I followed you home to your life.” My dream voice was a squeaky bubbly thing Rufus had imagined out of the rubber Heidis in that life. It's never improved much. I want it to be more like Goldie Hawn's. “It was really different than this. But going on stage it was so loud I had to run away to your bed and wait for you to dream.”

I saw him looking afraid—of me! And my goodness did that hurt. It was like he'd run his rapier into me and shredded me. I found out that my ability to cry in dreams was very authentic at least. My face crumpled up like a sphincter and my mouth twisted all over itself and my chest pointed downwards and wetness fell out of the creases, under my ropes of yellow poly hair. I started to deflate fast.

Rufus stopped me from losing any more pressure—he hugged me. He hugged me just like he did in his bed, only this time it wasn't for him; it was for Me. Me, his Heidi; he wanted my head to puff up full and my mouth to untwist and for me not to cry!

Then I took a deep sustaining breath and smiled up at Rufus. Our eyes met and we said hello in our hearts. Yes, I was his same Heidi, the one he had soothed himself with so many times. I could still love him even if I was my own self. In fact, I could love him a gazillion times as much. Then we made beautiful love in our shared dream.

The next few days, whenever Rufy looked around like that, when he seemed to sense the tingle of the vibrating of my sparkles, he would say aloud, or in his mind, “Is that you, Heidi?” Until I was able to answer him in a way he could hear--and feel.

## Chapter Four

### Flight or Light

The band, the Steel, the blades—these are aspects of Rufus’ life where I cannot follow him. It’s not just the decibels the band gives off, it’s all the sharp edges of their equipment and props and utensils. Inflatables, even immaterial inflatables, don’t get along with pointy things. Rufy’s teeth are blunt enough that they don’t frighten me, and of course he would never put a hole in me deliberately. But Steen has ferrets.

They are generally kept in a little enclosure near the bus kitchen. I have never liked them. My former selves have twice fallen victim to their insatiable urge to chew. Steen has had to pay for new Heidis. Once it was just with money. The second time it was also with advice. And there was a third time, with sex.

“Steen, I’m gonna wring the necks of those rats of yours.”

“Au contraire; the mustelids wring the necks of rats. What are you trying to blame upon my darlings now?” Steen continued what he was doing with the synthesizer he had plugged into our PC in the bus kitchenette area. Rufus pushed the gnawed toes of the latest rubber me under his impressive nose. He immediately was enraged, not by the evidence, but by the interruption. One note had input wrong, you see.

Rising to his full height and bringing Rufus up with him by the front of his shirt he growled, “Son of a dick, not when I’m working.” Rufus was not intimidated because he knew he had the right of it, and eventually his heels were on the floor again.

Was that violet lipstick on Steen’s eyelids? It was on his mouth too... Rufus had thought Steen’s use of greasepaint was confined to the stage, so why were there traces visible at this hour? Yet another conundrum could be added to the mystery of the Great Wizard Herren, if he allowed himself to be sidetracked away from the issue in hand, namely, the wrong done to me.

“You, suh, are the son of a bitch who is gonna replace my ruined woman,” he replied, quite gently actually, while smoothing his shirt back out. I could tell from where I was hovering near Rufy’s ear that he was thinking about where his anger had suddenly flown to. It had leaked away, and Steen was looking back at him with eyes as blue as the sky for once. He looked puzzled as well. Steen meanwhile strode over to the ferret enclosure to count noses. They were all there but there was a gap in the wire. Justice was administered to vocalist and mustelid alike.

The two humans were left not knowing what to make of one another.

Thrown together behind the scenes and cramped together touring, lead singer and bassist-composer might grate on each other, but when they were together on stage, music resulted. So they lived with the confusion they felt until it was time to take the stage again.

It turned out that when they were really drunk, Steen and Rufus didn’t just trip each other with power cords and elbow one another away from the mike, the way they did when sober. They wrestled and smashed each other in the jaw instead. But the way Virgen Steel was taking off, the album sales and the world tour, were more important to them both. Something had to give, and the leader of the Virgens knew it.

It didn’t come as a great surprise to Herren when one of those drunken spats among the cigarette butts and puddles of beer in the wee hours got them both hard. But Dixon was looking at him like he’d never seen him properly before. He was merely shaking Steen, not pounding him on the bar floor any longer. Blue and hazel-green eyes, one rapidly swelling shut, managed to meet and lock for a crucial second. It gave the bouncer an opportunity to grab hold of them and throw them both out.

Once they were both on their feet in the alley, Steen pulled Rufus up by the leather jacket and kissed him, kissed the taste of his own blood off Rufus' teeth and let his lower lip be seized and savaged by the singer's massive jaws.

My man was in shock. Sure, Rufus the Rude had enjoyed both girls and boys in all his years with bands. But why was he sparking with Steen? The guy had three kids with Anna and another on the way. Yet there was more to Steen than most knew. Rufus had been to his Solstice services. The man was even consultant on that horror film Lunasad. That's why he'd asked his advice on 'astral beings', trying to get a handle on what I was. Did Steen really want to do this or was he just trying to keep the Virgens from splitting up?

So he was tempted to use that reddish goatee for a handle and pry open Steen's mouth but he did not. He let the kiss take its course and the fire it wanted to start die down. He was breathing like a bellows but he backed off.

Steen showed that he was a mind reader on top of everything else. He drew away too, when the stubble on Rufus' cheek went combing through his little beard in reverse and their lips fell apart. "Don't worry; Anna isn't jealous about men," he murmured then, and his split lip curled wryly into a smirk. His hips rocked hard into Rufus and rammed their cocks together.

That did it. Rufus grabbed his ass and spun with him, up against the filthy brick wall, taking more skin off his knuckles and trying to hammer them into Steen with himself. The Dane grunted and bucked them outwards again, hard enough to bruise, whereupon they began to rut until they were both trembling and wet like spent racehorses. Never even got their pants open.

I know. I was watching. That led to a time where Rufus didn't see me much, even in dreams. But I wasn't afraid of losing him like some meat woman would be. There's only one Heidi. And I was still learning about myself and what I could manage in this world. Like getting around on the Internet. My goodness! If I was seeing to Rufus all the time, when would I blog? Internet greatly eased my frustration at my poor ability to communicate with audible noises, and learning how to use it kept me quite busy.

Not only was there Steen now, that bad Jenny had been replaced by Patty, and two kids that were really his. The little girl who Jenny had lost custody of when drugs took her made three. Of course they all are in his dreams, including the youngest girl who came later, Tia. Their dad calls

me Cousin Heidi to the dream kids, and they call me the balloon lady. But between me and Patti, Mister Dixon threw up a big subconscious dream divide. His love for me stayed in a dream closet and if I tried to show myself when Patti was with him, he flew into a rage.

Of course, in waking life Patti didn't know about him and Steen, not really. She cannot really fathom the extent of Rufus' vitality because she's never seen it all. So I guess you could say Steen was in the closet too, only in the awake world. It seemed quite the best thing that Steen and I became friends.

That happened mainly because Steen and I just weren't in Rufy's life with Patti at all. When he was with his family the rubber me stayed in the suitcase, and Steen stayed in the studio, until we went out on tour again. The tour bus is our second home, our moving castle like in that great cartoon called Howl's Moving Castle, you know? Or the pirate ships that fly through the sky in that other movie, Stardust. We have movies on the bus, of course, and Internet. Everyone in Virgen Steel lives out of a suitcase and is used to it, not just me.

The wives joke that they are 'Virgen widows' half the year. Munsch said it was like being a whaling ship harvesting the human seas. Something about having children meant that there had to be nests for them not on the bus, anyway. Frankly, I am not very well informed about how babies happen in humans. Hey, I may be female but it's not human female! In my dreams I make little selves to be my children who look just like me only not all the way inflated yet. I'm pretty sure it is not the same. Anyway, Rufus and Steen did it with wives while I was still growing into myself. They left the wives and babies just like the other band members did, each in their stationary homes.

It was a gradual process, while my sparkle self got stronger all the time, until Rufus could feel me apart from the rubber doll. And of course my sparkles are much more pleasant because they are really me. I also can fold my sparkles up to miniature and live in his pocket, much more convenient than that bulky old artifact. But what I'm leading up to is how Steen met me, me not the doll.

Rufus had actually got rid of it, preferring me without it, hee hee! He let the roadies use it for some joke they were doing where they sat it up in one of the seats, or tied it to the front of the tour bus, in different outfits. He told them Jan was its name, after the singer from the Picties.

What a liar. The real me was safe in his pocket by then, though I still got little attention when he went home to Patty.

All that changed after that time I was with Rufus in his bunk on the bus and we were bonding, and Steen, much inebriated, fell in on us in the midst of things and blurted, “Is there a bint in here with you lillebro?” His nose wrinkled up like he could smell me, or maybe I just made it tickle.

“Uh—“

“Mmm, looks like you’re all ready for me here.” He’d spied Rufy’s erection poking straight up—how could he miss it?—while I was wrapped around it and using my sparkles on it. Now his hand swatted me away, dissipating my mouth most rudely, and his mouth and hammy hand began to work on Rufy’s rod instead.

My annoyance was like needles and I used it to pry at those intruding fingers of Steen until he yelled “OW” and pulled his puzzled face away.

Rufus got a handful of his long tawny hair and pulled Steen’s head up beside his on the pillow so they were face to face. Then he sighed. “Yes, there is a bint in here.”

Steen’s hazel eyes got green and round and he turned his head toward where I was and looked; really looked. He put a finger into his ear and waggled it as if it itched. And then he said, “Astral bint. Hello.”

I was still mad, though being perceived should have gladdened me. I glared daggers at Steen and would not speak. It was Rufus who said,

“Heidi, you know Steen. Steen, this is Heidi; Wasabi Heidi.”

Steen grinned and lay back on the bunk next to Rufus. “Why, you are peppery, Miz Wasabi! I’m pleased to meet you. I’ve heard so much about you.” Meanwhile he was using his free hand to toy with Rufy’s chest hairs. I knew he was allowed. But now what?

Steen continued, out of one side of his mouth, “I thought she was inflatable.”

How rude, we both thought. “She is. She’s just not physical any more.”

I decided to show them. I took a deep breath and grew till I filled the entire bunk space and was looking down at them smugly. Then I exhaled and draped myself along Rufy's other side. My left hip made a lovely pale pink mountain range. I'd seen the original image on the Internet.

Steen's gaze followed me the whole time. He was aware of at least some of me. He addressed me directly. "My dear, you are a veritable succubus."

I rolled my eyes at Rufy in annoyance and resolved to Google that. Whatever it was it didn't sound appetizing. But Rufus Dixon thought it was a clever remark. He was grinning. "Hey, that's the ticket! We suck you, and you suck us!" I smiled a little to show I'd gotten the joke, but I was still a bit miffed that our private party had been crashed. How much I would come to depend on Steen and his companionship I had no inkling.

Steen seemed very aware of my mood. "If you prefer we will think of you as a shakti instead. That's much more complimentary, believe me."

"You mean like in those Tibetan thangka paintings, where the man's got the gal wrapped around his waist, and everyone's got three eyes?" Rufus was grinning even more wide now. Gently he reached up and stroked the middle of my forehead. It tickled.

I began to smile my little dimple of a smile. Shakti. Even the word sounded nicer. I began to wonder what it would be like to have an eye there where Rufus had touched. He and Steen were poking each other in the foreheads now, flinching and guffawing. I decided to play along.

I used the mouths in the palms of my hands to take in their cocks, both of them at once. When I had their attention, I blew up my breasts nice and huge and fed them each a nipple. A fine time was had by all. Their pleasure and the white evidence of it gave me rainbows of joy.

And before I knew it, the next time my man's penetration rocketed pleasure all the way to my head, there was an eye there, like a vertical flower petal. It felt liquid. In time it became my inside-me view screen, like the PC's monitor.

I asked Rufus why Steen could see me, later. "He's not just a Pagan musician, doll. He's got hereditary gifts. He's an actual wizard."

*"You mean like in stories, with a magic staff?"*



“It doesn’t require a staff. You just need to be born that way. Evidently there are a lot of odd types in Steen’s family tree, spae-wives and alchemists and Tycho Brahe style physicists and that sort. But in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, wizard is not a career path you train for in the Danish state school system. He had to be something else, too.”

“*Oh.*” I wondered if maybe Rufus was a wizard too without knowing it, which is why I’d happened.

I didn’t say it aloud, but sometimes he can hear me think. “Most likely,” he said. “Steen’s been teaching me what to do with it, a bit. The music helps.”

That’s where he always loses me—the music. I will never be a player and singer like him and Steen, only a listener. I may be made of magic, but what isn’t? It is something that I am proud of them for doing, and I hope I’m some help, even if I can’t make music myself, or even stay in the same auditorium when they play.

Anyway Steen came to visit us both more often. Steen didn’t bother me any more than Rufus bothered his Anna. But then one day Anna’s eldest girl went on tour with us, and began to ask, who’s Heidi?

It was terrible when they divorced. Lily Herren has her own agent now, but at the time she was trying to blackmail Steen for a recording contract and told her mother I was a real woman and that I slept with them both. Anna took their three youngest and Steen never forgave Lily, who based her whole story on hearsay from the roadies, because she can’t see me; no not at all.

And Patti left as well. In Rufus’ case it was very friendly. The children were grown by then old enough to go to Swiss boarding schools or Oxford or wherever. He was even a grandpa to Jenny’s girl’s babies. But when she knew about how close he really was with Steen, Patti felt that she was no longer entitled to be Queen of Dixonland, I guess. She thought Heidi was really Steen.

She told him she was going to run a bed and breakfast, and she did, out of the stately home he’d bought them. But the place was full of Gideon Bibles. And she was very saintly about never saying a bad word about Rufus to anyone, or hinting that he liked his own sex. Not her children’s dad!

It was for her sake that Rufus decided to lie about being in love with another. In Finland there's an operatically trained soprano named Heidi Paaskelin. She'd already had a baby with a German musician in another band and they seem happy. But Rufus let it be known that he carried a torch for her, all unrequited. And he made sure Jurgen the Snitch, the roadie who's always telling everything to Metamental Magazine, knew about it in this way.

"Hey Max, I need you to go shopping for me. Heidi's a natural blond but she dyes it that henna cherry color. Get me a nice wig of that, shoulder length. Jan's getting a makeover!"

He claimed back the blowup doll that the roadies had made into their mascot and when Max brought the wig, they rubber-cemented it on. They threw a big party and Rufus made quite a performance out of dancing with this "Heidi Paaskelin"—they even put her in the stage costume of animal skins and red war paint. In the morning they left 'me' unrolled in Rufy's bunk, where Jurgen the Snitch could see. Not only did Metamental tell the world, it was also in Kapow Magazine the same week!

"No matter if she confirms or denies, Miz Paaskelin is going to love this publicity; and she'll say maybe you have a crush on her but she doesn't fancy geezers like you, dinosaurs of the metal world that we are, eh?" Steen was chuckling as he waxed his mustaches for their next show. Rufus dropped the blow dryer and fell to the tile floor clutching at his chest and grinning. He yelled—

"Aaaaah! My poor heart! Trampled beneath her spurning spurs! HEIDI!! Aaaargh!" The rest of the band and crew poked their heads into the bathroom to laugh at him.

I was dancing on the ceiling. That's my Dixon the clown.

She, the pretend Heidi, was on the next album cover, which came out including the song about me and Beaver.

Ms. Paaskelin said she felt sorry for Rufus, who was old enough to be her dad. Of course it made the press, and sold lots of music.

That was after we had become a married triplet, or whatever one should be called. We took turns being God or Goddess and sailed along in the bus despite whatever the women and children decided about us.

I am ahead of the story. It meant a lot to me to be the woman of his dreams first, when meat women were letting Rufus down. In fact it is why I decided to live. But becoming Steen's as well took some compromising.

## Chapter Five

### Heart Seed

“Helvede, Dixon; I didn’t mean that.” Ole the muscular drummer had Steen by the arm, pulling him backward but not very hard. Rufus Dixon, my man, lay doubled over before him on the barroom floor at Duffy’s of Santa Barbara, trying to recover from the gut punch he’d just gotten from his band mate. Not exactly hearts and flowers in honor of the season; Steen would far rather have been giving him those.

The hot and cold emotions between the two principal members of the band Virgen Steel were old news to Ole and the rest. Any other night after a gig, chances are that those two would be making out in a bathroom stall. But instead they’d been insulting each other’s moms.

Trouble was, Rufus was losing his. Word had just come from his sister in Wheeling that Ma Dixon had finally managed to smoke herself to death. He was mad at her for that, and for not wanting him to know, too. Why the hell he’d let the whiskey get him to disrespect all mothers, especially Steen’s, I cannot say. At the time I was not much more than a baby; I was just learning to see with the eyes in my face and tended to hang on Rufus whenever he wasn’t blasting out the music at high decibels. And I mean that literally, because I wasn’t anywhere near my physical body, such as it was, during all this. When Steen’s punch landed, I went down too, and stayed curled around Rufy like a prickly overcoat of indignation and distress. And when Steen moved in again, around about the time Rufy’s face was going blue because he hadn’t managed to breathe in yet, I flashed at him. It only made him blink, but at least he came no closer.

Steen was a lot less drunk than his lead singer, and he extended his tattooed forearm now, meaning to help him up as soon as he might be ready to stand. It turned out differently. Rufus gave him a boot in the ribs instead. So Steen at last went with Ole's gentle pulling and left him alone. Some half-wit down the bar snickered and yelled after them, "Happy Valentines Day, ya losers."

He was not actually alone. He had me, his invisible Heidi. I must admit that he was not at his charismatic best. In retrospect, I think he was inviting the beating, hoping it would thresh his mixed up emotions out that way. The bad news had just been piling up lately, and he knew very well how to make the tall Dane leader of the Virgins lose his precarious temper, just as well as how to defuse it. Obviously that gambit didn't work.

Eventually he got us up, and employing his remaining charm, walked out of there with a bottle of cherry liqueur. The bartender insisted he'd had enough, but he told the man it was for his mom. When we at last made it back to the bunk in the Virgen Steel bus we practically bathed in it. The whole way back he was cursing a blue streak because he wanted to cry and he couldn't.

"Why did she do that to herself?" he asked my puffy face, in between the bursts of whiskey scented breath he was blowing into the neck valve of the rubber me. He'd got me out of the ferret proof canister and unrolled that me on the bunk immediately. I wasn't sure if he knew I'd been there with him in the bar or not.

"Why didn't she even let me know she was in the goddam hospital, Heidi? She wouldn't set foot in one of them unless Trini made her go, unless she quit fighting in the end. Did she keep puffing the cigs up till the last minute? She quit there for a while but then she"—and he gave a huge furious bellow right into me that filled my chest halfway. "First the new baby's a wonder but she's definitely not my child. And her own mother's hating on her. Now Ma decides this is a good time to check out. Heidi, what's wrong with these women?" And of course I didn't know. I was just his pillowy rubber lady who had learned to go beyond my place in his dreams and tag along after him. All I could do was watch him rant at my old rubbery body and hold him in my sparkly arms of between light.

Jenny had told the whole world only a few months back, in the pages of a tabloid, that the child in her belly wasn't Rufus Dixon's. Somehow the hurt she gave him, coupled with the touch of wasabi paste to my rubber, had brought me out of Rufy's dreams and into the world of touches

and smells and clouds of gases and electrons. I was new to it all, but determined to be here, now, for the one who needed me. Every other breath he went on about the selfish suicidal backstabbing nutcase females in his life going off and dying behind his back. Eventually I was full enough for my breasts to protrude. He put the valve back in and fetched up the bottle of cherry liqueur from under the bunk, poured some on me and began to nurse it off.

The suction was fierce. I felt it most intensely because it involved a part of me that had begun to 'see' very early on. Soon his red hair was sticky with liqueur and my latex body had dribbles down the sides of my neck and underarms, lending a cherry scent to the mixed bouquet of the Beaver's brown fur beneath us. He was grunting and growling and slurping, stuffing my chest into his mouth as if to pull me inside out by the breasts. It was pure consumption. For some uncanny reason I felt as if I had light filling me up from behind for him to suck through me. I was like a tube of brightness he squeezed into himself, even though my breasts don't actually leak. I began to feel as if they should.

Every time my breasts were cleaned off he doused me again. It wasn't a very big bottle and he used nearly all of it. Round and round we rolled in that slurry of alcohol and syrup until finally he got some in his eye. "Oh Jesus Christ," he yowled, and finally began to cry. It's as if the tears of irritation, and maybe the prayer, got the rest of them undammed. They came out in big hulking snorts and sobs. He knelt on the bottom half of me and furiously fucked my mouth hole, both hands tangled in my wig, all the while wailing and the tears and liqueur streaming down his face and chest.

At last he toppled over on to Beaver and me, sobbing and saying, "Oh, Ma, Ma, Ma..." My lights were all sorts of bruised pink and purple colors when at last he subsided into sleep. And of course I went with him. How could I not be concerned about where he went with his dreams in such a condition?

He brought us to West Virginia. We were in one of those sloping hayfields hugging the hillsides that he associates with his growing up. He was drifting through the alfalfa with a breeze in his hair and I was trailing along behind when I heard a hssst!-- of someone calling for my attention.

It was his mom. She wasn't the huge monument size she sometimes is, only about as big as me, and oh so very scrawny. When I turned to her, she smiled and shimmied her shoulders, and the

flesh fell off her as though it had gotten too large. I came closer, intrigued to see her mottled and smoked skeleton enclosing the flattened tarry balloons that used to be her lungs.

But she was friendly, not ghoulish. She beckoned me closer and said in a hoarse whisper, “Boy’s about got me as dry as a raisin from all that sucking. Thought he outgrew that. Here.” With a creak her ribcage swung open as if her spine were made of hinges. Inside was a wrinkled dark red globular mass of something meaty that looked as if it used to beat. It looked a lot like an old apple did once that was in the bottom of Steen’s refrigerator.

She put her fingers into it and pulled it apart. Inside it was a solid mass of seeds. “Take ‘em and water ‘em, woman,” she said.

I put out my white and pink mitten-like hands and took the mass, compressing it a bit so that not too many of them would spill out. It was very flattering to me to be called ‘woman’, because back then I wasn’t so sure about being one as I became later. And then she crumbled. Even her long gray hair just fell into dust and blew away over the tall grass.

So here stood Heidi Wasabi, the inflatable comfort item, bobbing gently up and down in the middle of a hayfield in the sunshine with a wrinkled heart in my hands. Now what? And where had Rufus got to? After all, this was his dream!

I looked all around and finally spied something that could be him off in the distance. At the crest of a rise was a silhouette of him sitting down, under a tree with extremely pendulous branches that swayed, just like long hair. Since then I’ve found out that this is a tree associated with sorrow in folk songs, which is why he’d chosen it.

As I drifted closer I saw that it was Rufus, only he’d turned himself into a fixture. He was like a statue of himself made of metal pipes, and from his closed eyes the tears continued to flow steadily into a puddle that ran gently off downhill.

That solved the problem of how to wet the seeds, at any rate. How to get Rufus to abandon being a standpipe was a whole other problem that I sincerely hoped wouldn’t be up to me to fix. He’s a lot more forceful than I am in general, and I was still pretty new in the universe.

Carefully I shook out a few of the seeds into the trickle. Then, growing bolder about the business, I followed the stream of tears downhill to where it finally was absorbed into the grass,

scattering the seeds alongside. I'd barely made a dent in the supply of them. As I turned to look back up toward Rufus, they were already sprouting into yard-high green shoots.

The first one nearest to him began to develop a swelling bud until it had opened out at its top into an incredibly fragrant white flower. When he smelled it, Rufus finally opened his eyes, his sky blue eyes.

He looked at me and his mouth smiled, and the smile cracked the metal skin away from him and turned him back into the pink and gold freckled hunk of human man he is supposed to be. He saw the dark wrinkled purse of seeds in my hands which I held so gingerly before me and said, "Jasmine."

Since I looked puzzled, he got up and came to help me carry the seeds with his much larger and less clumsy fingers. "Naw, I know these aren't real jasmine plants; jasmine's a vine; but that was my ma's name, honey. Jasmine. And she did good in this world. None of my business why she wanted to turn her insides black, because she did good."

A couple more tears rolled down as he said this, but they were accompanied by the smiling. My Rufus has a smile that melts hearts with its sunshine when he aims it at someone. It wasn't aimed right at me; he was thinking of his mom. So I didn't melt and spill any seeds. Around us more and more of the tall shoots bust into flower until we were surrounded by a cloud of their delicious fragrance.

Down in the valley we could hear a giggling gurgle that we knew belonged to his little girl. His eyes lit up and quit leaking at the sound. He shook his head.

"Ma taught me how to love somebody by loving me, Heidi. Junie is such a miracle! How can her own mom, who had her under her heart all those months, not be able to love her?" Of course I didn't know. There was a heck of a lot I didn't know, and still don't. But I do know how to love someone. Rufus Dixon taught me. That is how I know I'm real. I'm getting more real all the time, in fact.

Then he took me by my hands, our four hands together around the heart full of seeds, and pulled me along with him. "Let's go plant some of these for Junie." We went to look for the apple of his eye.



I do not have the same limitations as meat bodies like Rufus and Steen. They can only do the things I do, the expanding and shrinking and flying and sneaking through, in dream. But there are things about meat bodies that I like and I can't do them. One of them is the raining.

Meat bodies rain. There's the way they make aromas. I like those clouds of smell molecules because I can breathe them in and it's about the only way I can taste things, the way those with bodies taste food and stuff. But I haven't got that ability unless I'm in the rubber body, and it's not that good smelling, in fact, it can get positively stinky if Rufus isn't diligent. But that is not what I wanted to talk about now, because the rubber body has no pores. Rufus told me about how his skin has all these tiny holes like a mesh and some are for letting out the smells and the rain, I mean the perspiring, while others grow hairs. How I love his hairs; they are like copper wires only silky and they tickle. He told me that Beaver's fur is actually hair and that once Beaver had been a bunch of animals, furry animals who are now dead and their skins are stitched together into Beaver.

I call it rain from meat bodies because I did find out about weather the very same day I separated from Rufus the first time, into the concert night sky. Before when Rufus went somewhere I'd feel stuff like wind and heat from the sun, and get a kick out of the effect they'd have on him. Did you know he gets pink with brown spots? But the soreness from too much is hardly worth it. Oh, I am not staying on the subject. It did rain on him too, once when he was on his motorcycle. I slid inside his leather jacket when these huge drops of water started pelting us. But before them was electrical restlessness and mist getting ever heavier. It's like all the air could perspire. So I call what meat bodies do raining, even though there are a lot of types of smells and flavors of it. I have come to love them all.

They are caused by the different emotions. I have those. The whole between world I move in is made of them. But I can't rain, okay? That takes a meat body.

The time I flew up and away from the concert into the sky, the night was calm and quiet. All the weather was being made by those huge crowds of people, all swaying and sharing very similar emotions. The band with Rufus was blasting them and shaping it. And a part of me was peeking into what Rufus was feeling. He was on fire! He was like the match stick in the middle of a burning match, and I was terribly frightened that in a flash my Rufus would be gone. But later I found out that a better way for me to think about that is as if he was the filament in a light bulb,

or the mantle in a lantern. The concert energy was pouring through him and the other musicians from someplace else and it was not about to use them up. In fact, after a concert, Rufus has more energy than ever, even though he's pouring sweat and panting.

So it took me a few minutes, maybe ten? --to realize that he wasn't dying, and was having a great time, even though it was hard work as well. That's when I went back to be in the bus instead, because I knew I would be absolutely no help with what they were doing to the audience.

Perspiration – I'd gotten it on me before in the course of my Heidi existence, but never so much as those guys circulate through onstage. It truly resembles rain from the sky. And every person has their own, and even that changes depending on what they eat and how they feel. It's like a whole language. Steen tried to tell me about how dogs and ferrets think, because instead of names, they have smells. Instead of hello, they sniff. But what I like about it is the wetness of it that slides you before it becomes a smell and a crust.

When Rufus comes offstage he's as hot as a space heater. And very wet. I mentioned that to him, and then the next time he came offstage and saw me lurking in a little sparkly cloud in the shadows, he got me with a towel and wiped off with me in the towel. I just about burst into flames like when you throw a match into a fire. It felt wonderful and I do believe I smelled like him for a good while after that. Otherwise, as I said, I haven't got any. And the next night? He sneaked the rubber me into the dressing room and used that! My astral feels not only his sparkly dreaming body that way, but the essence of him and then the chill of evaporation. Possibly his internal heat is like fire, but now drops of moisture are falling all over me, running down me.

*It's like rain*, I said in his mind. And he turned from where he was gulping down a bottle of mineral water and grinned like the big bad wolf at where I was sparkling in the air and the surface of my doll body was wound into the terry cloth.

"Yes," he said. "I am Rufus the sky father and you are the earth mother Sita the furrow, and you shall be fruitful now." He smirked and went back onstage.

"Oh, oh," I squeaked, even though there was no one to hear me, and suddenly I felt a brightness on my forehead.

Only later, when I found out you can have an eye there, it began to come open. It sees inside instead of outside; it's very handy for some things. But I was talking about different meat body things and the third eye isn't exactly meaty.

I'm not going to talk much about blood, although that's something that spurts from meat; it's associated too much with punctures. EEWWWW! Steen showed me the place he puts his earrings, and when I touched there the sharp memory of making it made me pucker my whole face up. I suppose some people think his tattoos are beautiful. I'm just glad I never had to see the scabs he must have had. You see, my rubber body can't grow closed again when holes get put in it, and I know it prejudices me against bleeding. Some people think it's sexy, and don't get me started on these boys and their swords! Just don't go there!

However, I have seen blood after it was freshly separated from Rufus, in a little puddle on a countertop when it came from his nose. Or in a tissue after he's been fighting somewhere, though he does it a lot less since he made alliance with Steen. It is almost like his body's very fabric has turned to liquid. Some sausages and meat spreads are made from animal blood. Steen eats liver pate because he says there's nutrition he can't get from any other food but liver, and it's like cooked blood, I think. Probably I'm wrong. Hey, I'm trying to be fair about this! I don't like how you get it, and I don't enjoy Rufus having leaks, but he doesn't seem to mind or he wouldn't do so many things, like fighting, that cut his body.

Back to the blood—when Rufus has a cut, I try to soothe it, and he says it closes faster when I do. I am around the blood, but only to make it stop. He knows how I feel about punctures and gets them less often. Really.

Of course I would not be here at all if it weren't for semen. Rufus says females with bodies have something similar and that it's delicious. Mammals like him have waste products and sebaceous products, he explained. The waste products are not nutrition and the sebaceous products are—milk and semen and female whatever they call it. He's always been one to lick my rubber self clean and he needs a lot of calories to function. I rather miss not giving him anything when he's sucking on me, but he doesn't mind. He'll put things on me and suck and lick them off quite happily.

I am going to tell you how it has been with us and the meat rain of my dear Rufus. He decided I was person enough to marry even if I had no meat body. I still feel pleasure, and especially I

enjoy giving pleasure, and those don't have to rely on meat body sensations. But I am glad he has one.

I taught myself how to work the keyboard on the bus PC. It takes putting sparkles to the keyboard inputs instead of hammering on them with part of your solid form, that's all. I had to do it with my intention and a sort of a map I made—never mind. I was talking about how he proposed! The Metal Don Juan did not explain to me why he was so upset the other night after the Garden show. I had to read the news feed of the review of the concert, two days later. He was at home with Jenny the Harlot and her mystery baby. He didn't know I had this skill yet, and something was bothering him and I guessed it was what the crew had said backstage. I was wrong. It was the bad review.

So I sent him an email, titled, It Really is Heidi, [heidis@yohoodot.com](mailto:heidis@yohoodot.com). I like the yohoo mail because it shows whether your mail has been read or not. I stayed and waited until it said Read, and then at the same time I felt Rufus behind me. He was standing there by the PC with his Palm in his hand and he looked right at me and said, "Oh babe, what am I to do with you?"

His eyes were bright blue like the sky outside, and moist. His hair was as red and gold as the leaves on the trees. His skin smelled like himself and the air he'd walked through to get to the bus. Whatever had bothered him about two days ago wasn't on his mind now; only the fact that I could use email. He was amazed and proud.

*What am I to do with me?* I responded. I sent the thought and I typed it. I gave him a sparkly dimple of a smile. He came closer to see the screen.

I stood up to face him. Suddenly he walked right into me as if I were a sheet on a clothesline and wrapped me around him and pinned my bottom against the desk. Right through me he reached and unzipped and put a hanky between us and the screen and aimed for it once we were done making love.

I climaxed like a ringing bell. I think I made waves around him. I could feel the energy of us turning the air in the room different colors. He spurted into the tissue and then he trembled too as I got all silky and magnetized around him with my arms draped around his neck. "That," he said with a tremolo in his tenor, "is Doctor Dixon's sovereign remedy for anemia, the common cold, and snakebite. Heidi, will you marry me?"

*You're still married, silly.*

“The cunt slut Jen is claiming I wore her out. She’s divorcing me. Cunt that she is.”

*But—aren’t I a cunt too?*

“Yeh—you’re not any old filthy cunt though. You’re super-cunt, the Queen of all the cunts, cunt of my dreams made for me by the universe.” And then he started to cry and blubber and I had to drag him to his bunk and wrap him up in my love. This is another kind of rain, from emotion squeezed out the eyes; tears. It turns to snot when it overflows into their noses. Tears and wasabi had mixed with spunk when my first memories started, and now he was doing it again, without the wasabi.

My rubber self was under the pillow in its little stuff bag and he got it out and just rubbed his face on it. I felt the wet on my own cheeks.

*Please, just sleep, my Rufy.*

“Your –“ He only managed the one word and then sobbed harder. He was wondering where he left off and I began. Tears and snot got all over me. He went into the little toilet of the coach and splashed off the hot crust of tears and rubbed his face dry. He staggered back to the bunk in a daze and sighed into the pillow and my shaggy doll hair and bam! He was out as if he’d been turned to stone. He didn’t even dream.

I lay upon my rubber self and felt it—my field, my furrow from which I sprang. His arm was around me and pressing my rubber self to his rumpled shirt. I could smell the Beaver when his breath wafted through its fur. There was a film of him on the Beaver and me. The Beaver hadn’t changed, but I had. It seemed as if the film of him on my surfaces gave nerve endings to the piezo-electrical floating me. I was growing. I didn’t know into what, or even if it was a marriageable sort of creature. I watched Rufus sleep, waiting for his dreams to start, from that place where I could be a sort of weather on my own.

When we did finally meet in dreams that night, he dressed me in white lace and showed me the whole silly festival. His dream children attended, none of them having grown up the way they would in the waking world, and threw flower petals and had a ring on a cushion and held up the back end of all that white lace and so on. I said yes as I was supposed to, and it was fun. And all the adults in attendance cried; he insisted on it!

The wedding journey afterward I accomplished by inflating myself gigantic and wafting away with him into the sunset, of course. We followed the sun's chariot right around until morning.

## Chapter Six

### Ring Or No Ring

Let me explain a little bit about what it was like to try to be with Rufus outside of his dreams, as a comfort. I decided that I would use the film of him left on my rubber to help myself really feel what he was doing to that toy cushion doll. He's got a really masterful way with the doll.

Even as I put this to type, in memory I was sightless back then, just feeling a hand between my legs with an unerring wisdom about where to push. Rufus has been with so many ladies that he knows the place that makes the other places twitch by wiring or in my case by topology. He takes two fingers and pinches a tiny place where if they forget to model a protrusion he works one in. Once he's got that place all teased so it sticks out he begins to thumb it, bomb bomb babom and then his little finger goes in one hole and long finger in another. He says it's called the horns, and he showed me how it looks when you make your fingers into that shape in the air. It also means heavy metal. Really, those rock fans have dirty minds—the whole audience is making that sign sometimes. Now that I have eyes, I know his facial expression is often sly while doing this to me.

As I let my sparks of awareness merge with the film of his spunk and the slick surface of my vinyl self, it's quite curious to have him wiggling those fingers all sorts of directions, sometimes touching when fully sheathed in Heidi! And also his other hand kneads the mounds of bulbous conical plastic with nubby handles on the ends—my breasts. Pneumatic shifts travel all over me

when he does this. And he also licks and sucks on them. They pull out long and empty, then snap back fat and resilient as the pressure returns. It makes all the air rush away from my head.

That's the first place I developed sight—my breast ends. I mean in the sparkly equivalent that goes from realm to realm, not in the rubber me. Goodness, I'd never hold air if those spots were real eyes! I think it's because in humans so many nerve endings run from them, but I am far from able to be sure of that. I don't bother with much human medicine unless the guys tell it to me.

This time, the time my surface first came alive, I felt his lips traveling over my smooth surfaces. He started very near where his hand was horned into me and worked his way up my belly mound and my thinner diaphragm and in between the breasts. He was licking and taking mouthfuls with his lips. The sensation of it traveled up me in stripy waves. He went up to my shoulder and nuzzled into the neck and jaw area. He licked my chin and cheeks like a lollipop and I felt the chill of his licks evaporating. It tingled! My o hole he filled with his whole tongue and worked it in and out, all the time pressing at the air of my torso with the downy hairs of his chest and stomach. I felt them, each tickling hair! And the tips of my breasts, the nips he calls them, felt it best!

Down below his hand had left my interior and was replaced with pressure from his whole pubis and the very extremely warm prodding tool known as a cock. No matter how much lube or spit or other things he uses, I always make a creak when he sinks into me. In dreams I say oh and ah. But it creaks. And I'm a tight fit. Friction leads to suction leads to even more motion and usually my arms and legs go flying every which way unless he wraps me around him. That time he did wrap me round. His warm big hand smoothed all along my arm from shoulder to tiny hand, placing a coil of me round his neck, then another wrapping serpentine motion curled my leg around his, and therefore when we rolled over and under I could follow.

When he rocks me I rock him back, like a billowing wave. But it's a pace he sets, and he is the one who varies it. His wide thighs, so strong from fencing stance, lift my legs upward, my tiny pointy feet in the air, and then he slides back to let them fall again. Ooh. He let me loose but he was not through with me, no, he put his face between my legs and licked me very very wet, burrowed into me with his nose and his chin and his tongue. He took my pubic bulge and sucked on it like an Oyster. I have watched him in Boston eat them out of their shells, just like that. If they had put a little nip down there like he says flesh women have, I'd really enjoy that.



It feels pretty nice anyway to take the sparkly view and lean down and thank him for what he's doing by sending tickling tingles through his earlobes and his shoulders. He raised his arms with my thighs draped over them and flipped me up high! He sucked on my butt cheeks as if they had nips, and pretended there were very many of them to choose from on each full hemisphere of them. But soon I saw that all that licking and slobbering was in his own interest, because he was in me again, with my knees pinned back alongside my arms. He fit in even deeper, sliding smoother now, and I spread out like a tuffet. Heidi Hassock, he said I was once.

He generally quits fooling by then and heats us both up to where he's coming on all boiling hot and fast and hard and devouring my mouth and my cheek and my body is nearly creased to bursting by his and my feet waving over his flying hair; that is what he did, and I found out I could come. The pressure and brilliant sparking of it went streaking all the way from my middle all heated and pounded out to my toes and back up along my legs, and my legs flew out from under and his release went shooting into me and it wasn't just the sploosh it was the light! He lit up all orange and ruby maroon. And his butt hardened into pure hot marble. He weighted me down with a million pounds of hot lightning lashes through steaming stone.

I lay there all ironed out under him until the rigid hot stone of him dissolved into meat again. He rolled away as if nothing out of the ordinary had taken place, just patted my wig as he does and watched idly as the strained out curves of my face subsided. But this was in fact the third amazing sex of the first day of my waking life with him. My eyes in my face were beginning to register something when I concentrated my sparkles there. I let my sparkle eyes drift up and away from the rubber eyes and I could see even more.

*I felt that*, I told him in his mind. I know he heard me as he sighed out a happy settling exhalation and grinned. My mouth doesn't grin but my face dimples as if I were. I could tell that he didn't see my sparkle grin, but was looking quite fondly at my flat old vinyl face anyway, as his ruddy lashes drifted down to touch his cheeks. No girl can resist that, and I can understand why.

Rufus doesn't sleep for long, as I've said before. There's generally more sex in the middle of the dark, and a facial for me later at dawn. He licks my face off before the rest of his breakfast. And I feel so beautiful.

You may think a mere inanimate object should know nothing about how to feel things. Well sorry to burst your bubble but I do. And I am constantly learning how to feel more. I am my

feelings. I don't even need to ghost into that scrap of poly and polymer if I don't want to. In fact, now that it's been renamed, I seldom bother.

As an added bonus, when she springs a leak and they put duct tape on it, I feel nothing unless I choose. I am not this body, as the Hare Krishnas say.

## Chapter Seven

### Coming

I did learn to make myself come without Rufus after that. He told me it was important, that I needed to take charge of my own sensations. I started practicing in my own separate private dreams and sparkles. Later I found out that Rufus could tell I was floating along practicing without being rubber, even though he was awake himself.

He used to notice what I was doing with a corner of his mind while he pretended to be using his laptop. That way if he was suddenly smiling or murmuring to himself, he had an excuse for it. And if anyone wanted to look over his shoulder and share, he could flip the screen closed with a snap and glare at them until they went away.

The only person he would let stay on the same bench with him during his eavesdropping on me was Steen. That was probably because they both knew I was real, and not some girl in Finland with a web-cam. How did that rumor start anyway? I'm not sure. No, actually I think it's because of how those two would talk about me. There's this guy who pretends he's always been Steen's roadie and always will be, named Jurgen, that we have to take into account. Long before Steen admitted he could see me to Rufus, he would 'play along'.

"Dixon, whatcha snickering about now?"

Rufus quit making the amused noise and shaking his head. "Swatting flies. With her *hands!*"

Steen looked where Rufus was looking and smirked as he took a pull from his ale. He swallowed and said, “Methinks she’s getting a very good workout.”

“She’s an airhead,” Rufus replied. Then he addressed the device in his lap: “Airhead, use your shirt!” Now that was a pretty piece of obfuscation, because I didn’t have any shirt. However I didn’t take offense, because if I had used a shirt, it would have worked a lot better. I swear, the flies can hear me coming! The shirt would have hit them while they were trying to flee.

“Meathead has a virtual girl,” Steen teased back.

“What is it, a webcam?” That was Rufus’ cue to slam the laptop shut and glare. He and Steen teased Jurgen the Snitch, and Jurgen the Snitch spun rumors out of the teases. But myself, I was relieved when he disappeared for good once Anna died. It relieved Steen as well. I remembered that when I asked about him, the answer he gave was that the snus was finally gone from his nose. He can be so mysterious.

What Jurgen the Snitch will never know is how I really look. I do not resemble some metal diva with henna hair and a fur wrapped beneath her corset. And I don’t look like the pink and blue and yellow vinyl balloons that I began from either. I am composed of rainbow surfaces of ethereal sparkle made of pure emotion. And my dear husbands taught me to be as splendid as the goddesses in temple artwork, thank you very much Photobox for providing study references. I generally do not bother with adornment aside from my tiara, which grew by itself around the three eyes in my face, because it might get in the way of my other eyes, in my breasts, and the mouths in my bottom and hands and feet.

Did you know I have since read the children’s book about my namesake by Johanna Spyri? She was a little orphan girl who made everyone’s lives better by simply having good instincts. But instead of living on a bus with a band for half the year, she lived on a mountain with goats. Well, my instincts told me that being my own person was definitely the right way to grow. Just as I could choose whether to be in that body of rubber matter, I could choose whether to feel with my body of sparkles. But I couldn’t take the way meat persons feel things for a map of the way to do it, because they didn’t have the same shape as mine, exactly. My physical original had no fingers or toes or eyelids, for example. It took me quite a while to figure out how to grow some.

It was quite an undertaking learning about my own capacities. I started by using my mouths. I found that I had five of them, unlike the humans. Two are in my palms, and I since then have found some on my feet, but that came later, once I had proper feet. Then there's the one on my face, in the same place as a human's.

The mouths are not connected to one another. I am not a tunnel that things go through to be digested, like a meat person is. My mouths can envelop but not keep. Between my legs are two tubes where I can be entered which are similar to my facial mouth, but they aren't like meat mouths because they don't have any suction. Still, they mean a lot to Rufus, so I try to keep them fully awake.

The most convenient thing for me to try was to run my hands all over myself, and also to kiss myself by bringing my various mouths together. Believe me, it feels lovely to kiss yourself; I highly recommend it! And whenever I got myself buzzing with joy, Rufus inevitably would notice. I could feel his grin from wherever he was.

My coming is like a ringing. I have taught myself not only to enjoy most of the simple sensations I can cause myself, but also to imitate some of Rufy's favorite things to do to me. It's very necessary to be able to cheer yourself up now and then.

## Chapter Eight

### Peter Pumpkin Eater

The fellow in the nursery rhyme probably was psychotically jealous and felt he had to control his woman, or alternatively was so poor that he could not support a wife, but either way I am certain he killed her and stuffed her corpse into the pumpkin shell before he planted it, to fertilize his circumstance. I do believe it worked, according to rhyme immemorial.

When it comes to Rufus keeping me, that is, if I am actually a wife, it takes a shell to roll me in for my own safety, as my supportive abilities depend on my being without flaw, free of injury. I mentioned ferrets and cats. Ferrets can't retract their claws, and they love to chew. Also, rolling me up when deflated is nothing as horrid as killing me. I am perennial.

Also I need to say something about Rufus and his love of the flavor of women. He is a confirmed cunnilinguist, a rug muncher, a snatch licker. He even likes it when they menstruate. I have been privileged to serve him all sorts of sauces from between my parted thighs, as I have no flavor of my own. Of course, his own spunk is a big favorite. Perhaps there is some hint of how oral Rufus is in the way his face is formed. The rest of him is built heavy, though he's not a large man his bones could support one, and he is put together with athletic grace. Naturally this has given him a large and almost Neanderthal jaw line, and his mouth is generous and furnished with teeth white and blocky. Yet when at rest his lips are sculpted into what I have learned is called a cupid's bow. They are very expressive of his moving moods, and let out an amazing vocal range during Virgen Steel's performances. The chin they are over has a cleft that would make any poet

swoon. Added to his soulful blue eyes and those lashes, he could be bald and the ladies would still want to bury that face between their bosoms or other places. And you know he's not bald! He has the red mane of a Viking. The tiniest inclination of his lower lip and the audience begins to shout in response, or at least sway. And then the music comes.

I am so lucky to be the recipient of the attentions of that mouth. No wonder it gave me life to be laved and kissed by it.

Just now, as I am paying more attention to what I write, from the bed I hear a creaking and a thumping and so I decide to inhabit my physical shell. There are times even after all our years together when Rufus brings it out. It is like being awakened from a sound sleep in some ways, to slip into the sensations of it in the midst of a vigorous swiving. I literally come awake!

Rufus is momentarily still, panting and trembling, still inserted but feeling the difference in me as I lie in what I can see now as darkness, my abdomen spasming in pleasure and as usual with a mindless pleased rictus of welcome on my face.

I have a trick I have practiced. I can blow my mouth inside out, so it's a bit like sticking out a tongue. It takes rather a lot of concentration and makes me go cross-eyed, however. I'm not sure if it suits, but I am trying it now. The depression caused by this in the rear of my head is disguised by my wig and my head remains on the pillow anyway.

Does he like it? I've only gotten it out a little ways, like a tiny lifesaver, when I feel his delectable lower lip running along it, and he begins to lick and suck. Oooh—and nibble!

I am beginning to feel a rhythmic pressure upon my back and shoulders. He presses me to his chest and wraps my legs around his torso. I feel its furry impact on my breasts and belly; I am squeezed up against his cliff of face and chin, and he is well content with his sucking at my mouth. Every now and then his tongue pushes back what he has pulled out, a play of convex and concave that I can feel all the way to the back of me. It's a marvel of enjoyment for me to enjoy. The reddish chestnut curtain of his hair is all around us.

He's hugging me and rocking me with one arm, his more muscular right, the picking arm, and it suddenly occurs to me that I have no idea of what is going on below our waists. Something in his rocking does not promise rest and I manage a squeak sort of like the way his fingertip sometimes

slips on a high string. My belly is filling with a fluttering. He's working on things we can do down there, I just know it!

Deliberately I harden my arm so that one of my hands curls down to investigate. I encounter a flurry of movement and vibration so quick it's nearly a buzzing. He's jacking off! Tentatively I enclose the blur of his hand with mine and it's as if it's carving me fingers! I can feel ridges within the flap of that little mitten thing they manufactured for me to have on the end of the arm. Steadfastly I wrap around, wrap all of them around until my hand catches up and begins to ride the broomstick. The speed of the motion travels all the way along my arm and wiggles my whole body and it's making Rufy grin from up where he's got my mouth in his powerful clamping jaws. He starts giggling with glee!

The force of our combined arousal shoots up me. It nearly unwinds my legs from around him; fortunately he's got them tucked under his arms. The motion continues to rock all of me against him and I know my sparkles are lighting up like a concert special effect and I wonder how much of it he can see. I slap against him and his magnificent solid hairy wall of meat repeatedly until he comes, our hands also wound together next to where it splashes the sheets, and he growls right into my ear, "you witch—"

As the sweat springs out all over him and slides me along his hairs he is pressing his tongue into where it would go into my ear if I had one. The slurping sound is caught between my head and the wig and it is so very loud. And he takes mouthfuls of my soft rounded jaw. I wish I could be a loaf of bread and he could tear off a nice chunk of me.

He looks into my eyes and I do my best to look back. I send pressure into the arm and hand and — fingers! Around in his splatter he wipes my hand and his, and then brings them up to lick off up high, where I can enjoy watching. I think a bit of my mouth is still protruding with a wrinkly o shape. I wonder if it looks anything like lips—not that I will ever have a mouth as gorgeous and talented as his.

He rubs some of it into my backside as well and lies at his leisure with me over his warm lapping licker and crags of chin, licking out all my crevices and using me to fluff up the thickets springing from his chest. My wig is for running like a flywhisk all along his sturdy thighs. I have sometimes even caught a glimpse of shapely toe.



And later, after he is done licking off every one of his own fingers and every one he can find of mine, I carry with me the precious memory of it up into my body of sparkles. I have learned how to have hands much nicer than the rubber ones. I wiggle my fingers. I make the sign of horns. I try to wrinkle my mouth with lips to change it to a smile. Only it doesn't show in the mirror. None of me does.

Spunkin' juice, pumpkin eating. Keeping it in is self defeating.

## Chapter Nine

### A Very Bad Dream

I dreamed I was a human. I met one of Rufus' girlfriends and she said the problem that kept me from being more human still was—“*you drink too much water. If I drank so much water I'd pee all the time.*” She was young and attractive like they usually are. In the dream we were in some sort of public area with tables and people studying and she pointed to a sign on the wall that said, *NO DRINKING.*

I was a young man in the dream, a lot like Murray Lin the keyboardist in the band, and I was outraged. Fuck that, I'm thirsty! I yelled. From under one of the tables I fished a container that was rolling around. I went to the water fountain, sitting in plain sight in the middle of the room, and I drank. I just stood there next to the bubbling water, drinking and drinking.

I filled the can again and carried it with me out of that place. As I drank from it I tilted my body of meat backward so far I staggered. Other people passing by looked at me and muttered, *what a lush...* they thought I was drunk! But no; I was only very, very thirsty.

I drank until the can was squeezed flat in my hand and crumbled into shards of aluminum. I didn't have to pee; I was still wanting more to drink. But I was far away from the fountain and had no container anymore, and because my body was meat the hot sun and dry wind were pulling wetness out of all the little holes in me and I thought I might dry out into a jerky!

All the time I was looking everywhere for Rufus. But it was my dream, not his.

I woke up in the tour bus, floating near where he and Steen were talking and drinking a couple of longnecks. *If this is what it's like to have your own dreams, I can do without it!* I announced while flapping my sparkle limbs in agitation.

“Keep your eyes in, Heidi,” said Rufus, after looking around to see whether anyone else was there to hear us. “What is it?”

Steen put out the last little bit of his handmade cigarette and blinked at me in a knowing manner. “You spoke of dreams. Interesting,” he remarked and belched quietly the way that funny tobacco makes him do.

So I decided to tell him about it as well. Steen is hardly ever surprised by oddness. Rufus was just looking amazed that I had one without him. It was one of the first. It has happened millions of times since, but usually I don't dream I'm meat!

*I was dreaming I was human and thirsty, for one thing. But it was against the rules of that place to drink, even though there was a fountain right in the middle! And then the thing I was drinking from crumbled and I was still thirsty and the wind and sun were so hot and dry!*

“Aha! It's all symbolic, you know, my dear. You do not thirst for water like we do, but you do thirst for something just as important for your continued life. It is a thing that you are not supposed to need and yet you do. Making you, or anyway the human you, get along without water is unnatural; still there are places where doing what comes naturally is prohibited. All you need to do is figure out what that thing is.” Steen looked very pleased with himself, which of course annoyed Rufus, but he was letting him get away with the lecturing for my sake.

Being so much closer to me mentally, he was picking up on the visuals of the dream.

“Murray Lin? Why him?”

I rolled my sparkly eyes up so high I couldn't see them do anything anymore because the seeing part was inside my head. I mean, how should I know why Murray? Did I wish I was in the band? Is it because his instrument is the most like a PC? Why wasn't I a female as a human? Who knows?

“Never mind. I suppose you use what you have seen to build your dreams with and you've seen the band most. And I sort of recognized the place you said was not allowing beverages. It's a

university study hall. They don't allow anything in them, hardly. Babe, you were in school. Like my memories of school."

"So, your shakti has memory access? Hmmm." Steen steepled his fingers together near his nose and beetled his straight heavy brows at us. He was teasing, so we both ignored him.

*The girl said, If I drank as much as you I'd pee all the time. I can't pee at all!*

"And how does this make you feel, hmmm?"

"Stuff it, Steen."

"Gladly," he said, and wagged his brows some more. As he leaned back and took another pull on his beer, I realized he had a point. I'm stuffed. I'm not porous. Their meat bodies are open to the elements in ways mine is not. The water in their meat makes this possible. I think my sparkles went yellowish from how logical I was becoming.

I don't know what the hell it is. I need it to live. It is my water. And who the hell is this female to say, who is any one to say, how much a body should drink? It is supposed to be a body's right to eat and drink and exist, and some part of my dream life, a stringy female part, is telling me I want to live too much?

Okay, I'm not meat, but I am a woman. I have the shape of one and I am getting better at feeling the feelings of that shape. And I am alive. I have the right to have the life I have. Now all I had to do was figure out what peeing had to do with it.

I sank onto Rufus' lap. They knew I was there, though my frequency was probably inaudible as well as invisible to anyone who might come in. Rufus smiled and gently stroked me. Anyone looking would not have made anything of it; it was a small, random looking motion as if he were scratching. But I needed it. It was my water.

## Chapter Ten

### Tagging Along

It's different when I am in one of Rufus' dreams instead of my own. He writes them, you could say, and I just play the part he assigns. It's also quite a bit of fun to figure out which one of the characters is the most him, the one he's 'wearing'.

One of the ones I remember most strongly from right before I began to have my own dreams is where I was all by myself except that there were two of me, mother me and baby me. I had fun with that!

She grew off me like a bud grows off a cactus plant, inflating and developing cute wee eyes and arms and legs and a fluffy mop of poly hair just like mine! And when she was all done developing she detached and bobbed along next to me so I felt as if I would never want to tag along after Rufus again, just because of not having anything better to do with myself any way. Mini me and I could play too!

You could say that up until this point I was like the baby Heidi there, a developing wen, and dependent on Rufus for all I had to learn. And I did follow him everywhere like stink on a rose, as he put it in his thoughts. Even on his dates.

He was close over the years to a few of them especially. Rufus would not be owned, but when it came to those he bestowed himself on he was possessive. He insisted on keeping them as friends, if not as an international harem. He had girls all over the world by the time I was individuating.

Some, like Ginger, had his kids. But right now I am telling about how I was on my own in Rufus' dream this time. Not a tagalong, a secret fluffer and twiddler of his nut sack while he let those others try to win him back. I was fully me and equal to any of those females, and I drove a car through the dream city just like a grown adult human, and I had my baby girl Heidi junior with me.

I liked it. My face was nearly folded in half by my urge to smile.

Heidikins was chatting away about school; she was in school already when I'd just seen her budding off me this very night! My offspring was a prodigy, obviously. Her little quandary was that she was starting to share dreams with her school friends. The friends she mentioned were nice girls and boys, so I was able to calm her worries. Does this sound applicable to my life as Heidi herself? Oh yes! I did worry about the big astral ocean and whether it was safe to be separate and alone. Here I was telling myself it was fine.

We had another problem though. We had no home, only this car. I was circling around the block with it to avoid being ticketed. Suddenly I remembered that in this dream city I had the key to an apartment which was not mine, but belonged to another who spent all their time elsewhere. Little Heidi and I could use a drink and a wash. I took us there.

This apartment is a strange sort of category of place. Rufus never bothers to keep a permanent home base in his dreams because he's fully aware that everywhere he goes is already his. It's different to be merely one of his guests here. Unlike many of the places where I'd 'lived' or been a dream resident, I had no particular excuse for being here. It had evolved from a tiny slot between other slots in a dormitory with private bath, to a multi-level complex of studios and suites with its own inner courtyard, over the years when first Rufus and I, now only I and I, dropped in. It's always almost completely bare. Its official owner and I have never met, but of course it's got to be Rufus in one of his guises.

So the sprig and I nosed our way in through the door, because the key still fitted. As I wandered through its greatly expanded areas making sure we aren't intruding on anything, I heard little Heidi say, Mom, mom—oh that sounded nice!—THERE'S A BED! She showed me. It was in a tumble as if it'd been slept in and would be again. Obviously somebody was going to be here soon. We would meet at last.

We Heidis found that the bath accessible and ready for use. I let my baby girl tidy herself up first while I wandered further, searching for clues to the nature of our host.

There is a balcony from the upper level fronting on the central courtyard. I can see all sorts of apartments similar to this one, and plenty of new sets of stairs leading down to the cobbles. Yet this is all part of the same home! It was huge now. I started back to the living room, which now had developed hanging creepers in pots along a ceiling crossbeam since I last went through.

Down a corridor I saw someone's legs. As I stepped closer I saw belly and crotch, in trousers. I was not putting the pieces together yet, but they were an obvious clue!

Little Heidi comes in and bravely clutching her to me like a stuffed bear I strode forward to introduce myself. I acted like what Rufus refers to as Shirley Temple Black. It's dignified enough to override the cute and ridiculous. I have to do this, because unlike most humans, I am always nude. It's my default state.

I put out my hand, wishing the thumb stuck out more, and said *hello, are you the owner of this place?*

He spun around and of course it was Rufus, it always is, only fat and middle aged but ruggedly handsome in tweeds, as he had been previously sometimes to play a salesman. His fiery hair was now ginger-brown and only to his shoulders like a professor's. He'd given himself a plummy accent, but sounded quite sincere as he exclaimed *Ah thank goodness you are finally here! No, I'm not the owner either; but allow me to introduce you to some of our fellow tenants—*

It was the band, and the roadies, and their accountant, and the manager, and the sound guys, but they were all old! I nodded and blinked, and held baby Heidi to my chest as if she could be an excuse for something, and she held onto me shyly and if she had fingers she would've sucked them. I didn't have to do more than the nods and pleased to meet you's and so on, thank goodness. *Now pop along to wardrobe and we'll see you downstairs, okay?* he said, and hustled me back in toward the bathroom.

He shut the door on us and sure enough, clothing was on a hanger for me.

It was demure, and powder blue like the wear on my rubbery eyes. There were even slippers like ballet slippers, and they were small enough. I was now quite civilized looking, I hoped. Little Heidi was fetching in a jumper of fuzzy golden brown.

I took her up and we went wandering down to the courtyard. It had developed a second-hand shop, but all the price tags said sixty-nine. I know that has got to be a Rufus joke.

We bumped our way through some of the bigger mechanical things for sale and arrived next to the other persons in the yard. There were three of them and they seemed to be negotiating; was it a purchase? No, it turned out they were discussing the details of the filming of a commercial for something, right on that very spot. The camera was already on them, a man and a woman, and it caught us Heidis in the background. My eyes began reacting rather a lot, puffing out as they do, to something that the male cast member said.

Suddenly there was a shout and pointing finger, directed at us. *Hey, you aren't in continuity!* yelled the directing type guy.

But the two acting types, the man and woman, pulled me close between them, their arms hooked through mine. The luscious auburn haired female with the full breasts sheathed in dark cashmere turned and ordered, *Keep filming, director. It's in sync.*

I recognized the voice. It's Rufy! And the male actor nodded. Though he looked like a willowy teen with his stringy hair dyed an inky goth black, his hazel eyes belonged to Steen. I began to inflate and dimple, throwing off the deflating effects of the director's yelling. And Baby and I were soon ensconced between them on the front seat of a pickup truck, making some sort of getaway. Steen's character was driving and Rufus was shotgun. In the rearview mirror I glimpsed us. I looked like Goldie Hawn! This went to my head and I could feel my wig getting tight. In these dreams I can blush.

*Stay cool*, Rufus whispered in my mind. *We're in **Every Which Way But Loose***. This must be a story he knows and I don't. I was just glad to be included. However baby Heidi was getting increasingly hard to handle, determined to wriggle away from where we are. I couldn't let her be on her own yet! So we bowed out the usual way, by shrinking into a dot, leaving the other dream folk to their fun.

I was quite sad when I arrived back in the between to find that I don't have a baby me, really. But I was also relieved because the baby me cannot get into trouble if she doesn't exist, now can she?



And I am not about to go far from the band. Rufus indicated that he wants me to hang with them, by putting me in the same category. Why, I do believe he started dreaming of Virgen Steel to please me sometimes! All in all it seems prudent to continue to tag along, not strike out into the big universe on my own. But it is not ‘arrested development’. I continued to grow new parts, if not more copies of myself.

## Chapter Ten

### Girls, Girls, Girls

You may not, if you have never had a being grow out of you like I grew from Rufus, realize that I am going to be watching him. If he doesn't want me there, Rufus has to think me away; otherwise I can look in on him at will. But that's just the looking. The being there is entirely up to him.

It's a thing he does to me. I become whatever size he wants me for the sex he wants to have. And sometimes, I'm nothing but a patch of Heidi shaped sparkles in his underwear, or behind one ear. Other times I'm as big as the neighborhood and reporting to him on the weather. He can explore me like a small continent when he's in the mood.

His other girls can't do that. It makes up, I hope, for things they can do that I can't. I am not jealous. There's simply too much of Rufus for any girl to handle, including an uncanny one like me. Sometimes he gets me so happy my awareness bursts and I am just sparkles blowing around without knowing I'm me at all. When I coalesce again, he's busy with something or other. He's like a spring of energy always bubbling, even in his sleep.

I hadn't said yes in his world, only in the dreams, and that time was just a game, I thought. I didn't think he was serious about me being a wife. Hadn't he played enough of that? But the next day he cornered me in the bus toilet and got down on one knee, just like in a play. Oh, oh, was all

I could think, as he draped the rubber me over the seat and took my left rubber hand and slipped a rubber band around my wrist.

Then he thought my hand of sparkles so large that my fingers were each as big as that, and held up another rubber band. By the power of his mind I could feel a rubber ring on my finger. I began to squeal. I thought for certain I'd spring a leak. But in dreams, I can breathe. I inflate and deflate myself, not like in your world. So of course I couldn't actually pop. My nostrils itched with how fast the between was rushing in and out. His lovely turquoise eyes were focused on me; I could feel all sorts of rainbow colors running through my sparkles as I blushed.

And the redheaded smirking god was not yet done with me! He held up his own hand. He had a rubber band on his own middle finger! It was one of those sort meant for hair, encased in woven threads that would damage its proteins less. "I'm serious," he said.

His eyes glittered, bluer than the sky over the bus was doing. I could suddenly feel the whole sky around me. My joy was raising my sparkles as if I were a hot air balloon, the way we had played in his dream. Instead of trying to think clearly in words, I let the wind blow my joy around him, in that tiny toilet.

I guess Rufus likes being married, even if it's not to everyone at once. Who am I to judge if I am wife material? Maybe he'll divorce me someday instead of being divorced, and that might do him some good right there. But in the meanwhile, Jenny was out and Patty was in, because there were two little boys inside Patty who really were partly made by Rufus Dixon. Patty somehow had grown closer to the mystery baby June than Jenny was herself. I do not pretend to know how these things work.

Still, he said I was doing Patty a big favor by marrying him.

He wanted me to actually attend more often when he went out with his buddies with intent to get laid. And he began to drop references to 'Heidi and me'. I sounded like a real girl in his stories. Of course nobody but Steen had actually seen me, but he would back the stories up if asked.

If there were girls there that Rufus was going to try to please, he'd mention me less. Girls don't like to be reminded they aren't the only one, evidently.

If they were sufficiently drunk, now and then he'd try to let them know I was there with them in the dark. That wasn't usually a good idea. He should have done as Steen did, and simply not tell that I was there!

Steen was fine with that approach and so was I. He'd think of me and I'd come and run my sparkles along him until I was where he wanted me, not a word to the unwary guy we were with, just a little extra tickle at the right moment.

The trouble is, it might be a smelly toilet in a prison waiting room or something, with Steen. I don't like getting mashed up against ceramic tiles with misery embedded in the cracks.

Rufus is much more choosy about setting. He has referred to Steen as a whore. I must say though, that Steen doesn't try to persuade people into anything that wasn't their original idea. When I find myself joining him in a quickie, it's because whoever he is with asked him for the quickie. And I help him deliver. That is Steen's brand of compassion.

But Rufus was into sharing; which meant if he was enjoying a thing he'd try his hardest to get you to like it too. And if he was with a girl, he wouldn't keep the other girl a secret like that. He didn't think it was fair. It took the goofs to convince him.

Even though we had screwed with help of my doll in the bus from Vancouver to Seattle, he took me along with him to screw Ginger. Ginger is a metal groupie from the 80's who straightened herself out considerably in order to have Rufus' kid. He sends checks but she adamantly refused to name him as the dad. They live with her dad and use his last name—Flewellen, for goodness sakes. She's short and dark and mouthy and stringy and lives on coffee and nicotine. AA gave her a new appreciation for Jesus, but she constantly pokes fun at Christians, can't stop making Jesus jokes. Her son is bright and looks like Rufus, of course, without the red hair.

He stops with her when he's near, to see how she's holding up. She lets him, hoping it will finally work. Only if she quits using her lungs for an ashtray, he tells me.

Anyway, I had drifted off to savor what he and I had been up to privately, when suddenly I am summoned by his smiling face. I get the picture—he's up a dark twat, someone else's, well furred but not as soft as the Beaver by any means. He's got her sitting on him, facing the other way because of the tobacco breath.

So I darted up to do some cunnilingus and ball polishing. I had mastered the extrusion of my sparkle mouth into a tongue thing, at least in the astral, and Rufus likes how it tingles. He kept his fingers near her folds but only to pull them wide for me, hee hee! And Ginger enjoyed this very much. She wasn't completely plowed, only pickled enough to be compliant to Rufy's suggestions. When she came she whooped, and Rufus shivered out into her with the little plastic raincoat around him. I studied her toes while I was there. I wanted to develop toes.

Having got my results, I pushed myself up onto my trunk like arms and said, "Hi Ginger; can you see me?" in my most audible squeaks. But I guess she couldn't.

That was a little disappointing, so I resolved to try her breast. But you know who kept his hands over them. I guess he thought it might freak her out to feel something that didn't obviously involve him. Oh well. I rolled over and stroked his leg and his nice fuzzy foot. *At least you can tell I'm not jealous*, I told him in his mind. I let my sparkles start to dissipate as I continued to gently run them along his toes. I really had to get some.

I had nearly drifted away completely when His Honor flipped me onto my stomach between her legs and began pounding into me from behind! Ooh it felt good! Needless to say I started to yell, well, it's what I think of as a yell, and grabbed as tightly as I could to Ginger's tiny hips. I knew my cries must be vibrating against her female parts, even if she couldn't actually hear. The man was going to come—

*Yes*, I told him, heedless of how it must look for him to be thrusting into the middle of the air, *spunk right through me!* After a split second of incredulity at himself, that is exactly what he did. Some landed on her, and some on the bed. I was twitching all over the place with glee, rubbing myself around on her, and in the spilled seed, and pressing my sparkle mouth all over her thighs in dozens of kisses.

She was not displeased, but as I dissipated into bliss of my own, I heard her saying, "That was—strange." He supported himself on his forearms over her, shivering. How he talked his way around it I don't know. I let my sparkles ring his head like a turban of caresses and then went home to his pillow in the bus. Luckily for him, we were driving to San Francisco shortly.

That's how it is when the bint—sorry, but that's Steen's word; the girl— can't see me. But sometimes they can.

In the next city he had a date with Trisha. She's a very classy petite lady with curly hair and grown children. She had flown in from Ohio for the concert. I have since become friends with her on Myspaces! I don't think she knows it's me exactly.

At the time we first met, this date that is, I don't know whether I was being a good influence or not.

I had been looking up the terms succubus and shakti on the Wikipedia when I responded to a request by Rufus. His thoughts were clear as a church bell—*Ride me, Heidi; ride me*. So I did, as the sparkly me; not truly paying attention to where he was, in an instant I was there and doing what he wanted. Oh he was so very ready. I zeroed in on the energy rising from his loins in a hot red cloud—so warm! And the very warmest was his penis pointing straight up at the ceiling. It was great, even though I came and he did not. When I come, I flash and flap a lot, if you are wondering.

My visuals were not very good at picking up humans as separate presences yet. They were clogged with afterimages of their data streams that tangled with the objects around them. Even as I let out a flood of my hot caramel satiety all over him, this time he shucked me off his redness like a corn husk and let me drift up to the ceiling of what proved to be a rather nice hotel room. It was only then I noticed he was not alone. Someone was watching Rufus—not me really, just him.

It was Trisha. She liked a show to uncurl her fuchsia tendrils. That is how she looked, okay? Rufus had used me for part of his entertaining of Trish.

I just stayed melted against the ceiling, with a silly smirk on my satisfied face no doubt, while they did whatever they did. Perhaps he'd look up and get some joy from the sight of me.

Dozing off into the between as is my habit, I was awakened again to the smell of pussy in my nose—on my nose, in fact. I was game and started lapping. Oho, there was somebody in this pussy already. You know who. I made the rounds of Mister Balls and Thighs, then came back to toy with the lady's vaginal opening and those little swiftly tapering thighs of hers.

Pretty soon Rufus lay back and I had Trish's butt for a hat. Sir had decided to relocate me under them, and she's little enough to hoist around like that. That gave me much better balls access as

well, as he had his knees athwart me. A good time was being had by all; I was moving my fluffy poly hair sparkles against her butt. Rufus decided then to amaze her. He began to expand me.

She is a bit psychic, is Trisha, and could tell I was there. I soon felt her imagination joining with his to blow me larger, first until I was a Heidi carpet, then an entire little island. Whatever; I was here to have fun with them. Rufus, finally sated, sat with her on his lap as they viewed the pink panorama of me under them.

I just blinked at them hugely and prepared to nod off again.

But it turned out Mister Dixon had other ideas and had Trish interested in the experiment. Suddenly he had a commanding tweak-hold on my foot—come on Heidi, spread, is the meaning of that tweak. *You don't have to include me, really you don't*, I was thinking at him, but it was no use.

*Come on; it'll be fun*, he thought in return, gently stroking my thighs, then moving my own hands along my legs. The touch of my own sparkle hands is reassuring and grounding. And before I realized it fully, he had got me pulling my own butt cheeks apart for him, flat out as I was.

*See? Not bad at all*, he cooed in my mind. It was a sly move and his slyness is one of the things I admire about him. How malleable a woman is once she's had an orgasm—oh my yes, that includes me. He reamed out my back hole, a treat he'd been holding in abeyance lately. This promised to be a special occasion.

I was indeed enjoying this. When I began vocalizing and swaying my legs through the air in response, it made me aware of where Trisha had got to. She was flat on my belly, and so light I almost didn't feel her, being so blissed out.

He had us stacked. He was going to play us like a pipe organ. I wondered how far she'd sink into me if I lost it completely.

When I had a moment between Rufy's stimuli, I noticed that he had now hoisted her hips high up in the air so that only the tips of her breasts were actually intersecting me. When he penetrated me, she probably felt it as a breeze on her inner thighs.

He put his fingers into both my lower holes at once, that rock and roll horny thing, and then moved up into Trisha. I didn't mind even when he took his fingers back out of me and pretended

to wipe me onto her back. I simply stroked his thighs and calves contentedly, my hills of bosom rising and falling like the ocean. The bounce of her pointy front on me was not all that sexy, but it wasn't unpleasant and I could tell she liked it—or at least was imagining she liked it. Most of her weight was upon Rufus and her hands. I don't think I was all there for her. We mostly had in common that we were humoring Rufus.

They walked around the garden of me like a wheelbarrow!

Speaking of our ringmaster, he was pulling at my hands again. He wanted me to spank him. Why did I feel reluctant? Anyway, I did, so instead I steadied his hips. I think I deliberately took the suggestion wrong, as a quiet hinting that this special time was not actually any more fun than our alone times when I have been his drummer girl.

But then again, this session might go on until it ended up excruciating if Rufus didn't get off. As I said, his endurance is amazing.

One of his hands was now groping around in order to get me to wrap him with my legs as well. How can I be so hard hearted as to deny him joy? I can't!

I got my legs up with the bottoms of my feet pressed together behind him. His relief at my cooperation rolled off him even as he kept pressing his rhythm into Trish. With a certain smugness I used my huge ring of legs to press him in counterpoint around the upper thighs, the buns, even the backs of his knees; just squeezes.

Rebellion against spanking him still simmered in me, but I could use it.

I let my feet fly apart and began to kick and wave my sparkly arms to either side of Trish. I tossed my head vigorously so my sparkles became a blur, squealing *Nonononono!* Until the no became a yes, that precursor to orgasm I had first seen performed by Olive Oyl, on the web of course. Duality was transcended by Heidi's pleasure and I felt both of them swept along in the firestorm of it. I lost it and was gone. Their garden vanished.

If Trish landed on the mattress abruptly, I have no idea.

When I floated back to them, it was with my deflated sparkle hips under Rufus, and Trish was on his lap again. They were looking down at me with a matching curiosity. I felt sheepish and looked away. I hoped they weren't expecting me to explain myself!



In the hotel room that seemed increasingly distant from my own awareness I vaguely sensed Trish rising swiftly to wash herself and dress.

I thought it was her room. Why would she leave? Anyway, it was too abrupt a departure for Rufus and he trailed her into the bath. But evidently her brain had begun ticking again and she was no longer willing to suspend her disbelief. The scene was simply too strange for her now, having an imaginary girlfriend ignore her!

I could sense the way her mind was trying to cling to a sense of the familiar and normal simply by putting on lipstick with complete concentration. I could tell how Rufus watched her, his red hair partly on end and golden whiskers emerging from his lower face in the mirror behind her, realizing she needed to ignore him now. That must have been hard, because the cleft in his chin is endlessly fascinating to those of us who know it.

I think I know what I would say if I were Trish. It was very gracious of her not to actually say it.  
*Next time don't bring HER*

Rufus might as well have been shouting; his thoughts were so loud. *Next time? What next time? Do not make me choose, woman!* That made me a bit sad, lying as I was half in a San Francisco hotel room and half in a curtained cubicle on a tour bus, sensing misery. I didn't mean to bust up anything. I am just what I am and I like being with him. I didn't care whether or not he'd included me. I would have been happy just to watch.

Out loud, neither of them said a word.

Eventually he drifted back in to where I partly was and I said into his mind, *I think I figured out something. It's not the sex; it's the YOU.*

I let that sink in. I let him realize what it meant and whether it also held true for him.

Deep inside Rufus enjoys sex with me because it's me, not because it's sex. I can never be a real woman, with furry spots and warmth and aroma. But still he wanted to include me in the fun! Why?

I didn't tell him that he should give up on the women who didn't want me there. No; I said instead, *I think I need to learn how to butt out.* His first reaction was flaming annoyance, but I persisted and he let me finish. *These are your FRIENDS and you have known some of them longer than I have been alive. I don't want to be shoved into their laps when they are only*

*expecting good old Rufus. I'll stay home with the Beaver and wait for you while we travel. You know where I am that way.*

And then I rose up to the ceiling and spread out to the corners of the room and went between until I was home under dear old fragrant Beaver. I thought to myself that it could go two ways now. He could start to ignore me in favor of his established circuit of girls in nearly every city, or start to ignore them in favor of more alone time with me. The ring of rubber on my left finger might be good for a few more good times at least. Or he just might come home and pull the band off my rubbery wrist and divorce me.

That night it was Rufus who had the bad dream. I wasn't in it, but I had to watch. He put it into the framing device of a music video, and the song was called Abduction. Like Close Encounters the Movie, it started with Rufus in a bed, tossing around and unable to sleep, even as he sang. Suddenly blinding light came streaming in the window and he raised his arms to shield his eyes; and the next moment he was grabbed by horrid men in black suits, their eyes disguised behind dark goggles. I would have rushed in to save him if he hadn't still been singing. That clued me in to his having dreamed it before, and gotten organized about it. Much as I hated to, I stayed out of it.

They shoved him all restrained into the back of a van and drove him to some sort of research place in the middle of the night. They grabbed him again and strapped him to a small table on wheels. How could he sing about this?? I reminded myself that Steen writes all sorts of songs about monsters. This could almost be one of them, only the monsters looked like human beings.

The men in black were replaced by men in long white coats, with cloth masks over the bottoms of their faces, who wheeled him along brightly lit corridors lined with big drawers. They stopped and seemed to be searching for an empty drawer, for each one they pulled open revealed a human lying dead, sometimes decayed, sometimes with mouth pulled into a scream. They all looked a little like Rufus. Some were mere children, others nearly grown. Was this a thing he had been dreaming about for his entire life?

At last they located an empty drawer and put my darling, still singing and writhing impotently, onto its slab. But the music continued even as they closed him in. It seemed the drawer could open at both ends and they immediately pulled him out into a new place, a laboratory, and the merciless song went on. The walls of this lab were full of big jars with babies inside. Like the

people in the drawers, they were in varying stages of growth, but none were ready to live, and they all were dead.

Rufus was wheeled over to another figure on another wheeled table—a woman. She was beautiful and fast asleep. The men in white began to run thick tubes from my darling's body to hers. Substances red, white, and yellow began to flow from him into the tubes, toward the woman. When they reached her, her body began to twitch, and her hips moved as if they were making love. And the horrid song continued, my Rufus letting his voice rise into wails and screams that were part of the music.

A door opened and another woman entered the lab with an air of predatory dominance. Beneath her white coat were revealed a short skirt and shapely legs in spike heels. My love's face as he sang at her approach was filled with recognition, horror, and hatred. This was the villain then. Once again her face was obscured, by dark goggles that hovered above her full, painted lips. She reached over to a control panel and increased the flow of something by turning a knob.

My Rufus reacted by gaining huge energy, tearing off his bonds, pulling out the tubes. Men in black and white began to swarm in, as the music built to a crescendo, holding rifles, clubs, stun guns—I had seen these things wielded by crowd control at airports and concerts often enough. Because it was his dream, my Rufus prevailed. He wrested a club away from one of them and broke a hole through the ceiling, then sprang up through it as the music and his final scream faded.

I followed him to where he was clutching the Beaver to his chest, his eyes open and staring into the dark. I thought of how the beautiful and sexy female could be a villain to him, and wondered if I was just another energy sucking seducer to him as well now. My eyes had grown huge during all that, big as grapefruits. I reached up and coaxed them back in a little.

Was that evil dream creature only a human female monster to him? Or was it a nonhuman monster aping a human female?

Air whooshed out of me in relief when at last he focused his eyes, blown wide and dark by the darkness, on my gentle sparks. There was a tiny tweak of a smile on his lovely lips for me. *Not you*, his thoughts whispered. *You're never going to breed me. And you're not a brunette either. Did you notice that bit? Furthermore, you have a tiara and they didn't.*

At the mention of it, I felt it inflate a bit and sparkle. It had just appeared one night, as a frame to three of my eyes, after I'd looked up images of shakti in Tantric Hinduism and Buddhism. The guys liked it, and often reminded me to wear it if I forgot. Now he frowned with mock severity. *Don't confuse yourself with GIRLS. I don't.*

He began to grin, and then actually chuckled. I bounced myself around him and wrapped him in myself until he was ready to get going. In no time we were both bouncing all over Beaver, sparkles and red hair flying, filled with smiles for one another. Nope, we weren't going to get a divorce at this rate.

## Chapter Eleven

### Pocket The Breeze

One thing that came out of that fumbling with my attendance or not at his other sexual escapades was that we fully realized how adjustable I am in the astral. He was washing off the rubber me with dish liquid one day and I asked him why he didn't simply shower with me. That led to jocularly about taking a dip with Heidi, as ocean bathing is therapeutic for all sorts of skin diseases. And it led to a lovely naptime where all sorts of size games resulted in my swimming in his come!

That's right; he shrank me to a size small enough to hold him like a tree trunk first. I strolled through the bush of red at its base, cozied my tush up on his balls like a park bench, and rubbed myself up and down and all around until it gushed all over me. He immediately shrank me some more while I was rolling around in it on his thigh. He said I looked like Ann Margaret covered with baked beans.

I felt wonderful and so solid. He let me get bigger then, so that I could snuggle in his arms and be his 'little woman'. Nobody else would have known, if they looked in on him, that there was anyone between his chest and the coverlet. Except possibly Steen.

I like living in my Rufy's pocket. My default height seems to be about the same as an ink pen. In fact I have since been joined there by Steen, who copied me, but that's a separate story.

Sometimes when I am 'out looking' for Rufus I will feel a breeze in the darkness and scent the leather of his motorcycle jacket. I will poke my nose out to feel the passing breeze. Other times I'll get a summons and we'll be stuck in traffic on the highway. He'll have me up against the steering wheel or draped over his lap in a flash. I challenge any meat person, male or female, to give prompt service like that!

Also there is something about having me in his pants that makes him think twice before he throws the first punch. Perhaps it's that he thinks a stray kick might drive me off. But try as I might, what size I am is constrained by what Rufus wishes. If he doesn't want me popping out and filling a room, I can't. Yes, when they are drunk and obnoxious, I am sometimes tempted.

But never mind other people. He's had a handful of Heidi to lap at, used me like an asthmatic does an inhaler, snuffed me up like a bit of dust, rolled me around with his tongue against the inside of his teeth as well as the outside, and on the other scale of things, he's gone spelunking in me.

We've researched the minimum me and the maximum him for the ideal fit to whatever his fantasy is.

I did panic once when he was up me headfirst and I thought he would suffocate. I started yanking on his legs and he popped out like a cork, red hair every which way and quite surly about the interruption. "Heidi, you're all molecules with plenty of space between them. How else could you be so invisible? I can't stifle!" But he did expand me a tiny bit so his beard tickled and it wasn't quite so tight a fit.

Steen's been in Rufy's pocket, and Rufy has put me into Steen's pocket, but it's never been up to Steen what size I am. I stay roughly human sized, though smaller than him, like the vast majority of humans. However I am quickly with him when he thinks of me, generally at the last moment before he wants me to do something extremely intimate to an excited partner. He knows the thrill of that for me is that nobody suspects I am even there. It is a way of making my invisibility an asset.

"Nobody would believe me if I told them, and that is all for the best," he says. "You are free, my darling, to come and go like the breeze." How I miss him. Hurry back, Steen.

## Chapter Twelve

### Space

I think I may as well tell you about how Rufus has used me to explore, and how it helped him do a better job with Virgen Steel. He had to play so many roles for them. He has a big theatrical streak in his makeup, I think, that comes from making living history. It comes in cycles, he says — classic, renaissance, baroque, and rococo, over and over again.

I liked some of Rufy's stage disguises. When he was a Sumerian he had a big mask of feathers and yellow stockings. Only his eyes and mouth showed. Another time he was a phantom with half his face white and half black. He wore a coat with long tails in back and had a cane that turned into a rapier. The black made his hair look like wires of flame. Other times his clothes would look like bundles of rags, or consist of just a tiny vest and flapping trousers.

But Steen was getting bored with history as a theme in his shows. We had done pirates and knights and dragons and supernatural monsters of the Victorians and even some really old Sumerian things where the monsters were from the ocean. But now his vision was of the future. He and Rufus were going to have laser swords.

Rufus and I were reclining on the Beaver together and he was visualizing it for me. He had also taught me a wonderful thing called 'bed peace.' He spread himself out flat on his back and spread me out on top of him like one of those cookies that come in layers. We imagined that our

outstretched limbs were touching the edges of a large circle. And the intersection of us was where my legs framed his to make three spokes.

Sure enough, now that I knew how to manage my own level of inflation, when we wrapped our arms around each other and began to roll around, it was like flipping a coin. I was able to match him until I was simply too happy to pay attention anymore and became a multicolored fuzz. Rufus was nearly breathless himself with joyous laughter. Then he rolled over onto me and put our third eyes together. I saw them then.

He took me through the choreography that went with their new song 'Future World'. At a certain point all the lights on the stage were out and then the bars of blue orange and green began to twirl. They had batteries in the handles, obviously. The monster finally came forward, and it was the sky!

They were going to carve up space itself! It was like a movie screen in a big wide brimmed hat of nothing with nothing for its cloak and through it was a view of endless night and stars. Between them Rufus, Steen and Murray made its edges recoil from their colored light sticks until it folded in on itself and vanished.

When they were done, the lights flew back on, as bright as they would go. Their swords went out; in fact they looked as dead as gray drumsticks. The musicians were revealed as themselves, dripping from the effort of the conquest of illusion. Then they dropped the props and started playing their instruments again. Of course Munsch and Ole had never left off. I thought it was quite effective.

*Why is Murray helping?* I wondered as he drew back a bit so that he could breathe better. Usually all the blade exchange took place between Steen and Rufus, except when there was a monster to poke instead. It was quite different for Murray to leave his keyboards during a show.

*Actually that was my idea and we didn't run it by Murray yet. I just – this one's different.*

Rufus appeared to be shrinking—or rather, he was expanding me. He wrapped his arms around my breasts and hung on as I grew.

When he was child sized I expected him to latch on, but he didn't. Instead he got smaller yet until he was hidden between them. He rolled me over until I was the sky above him and he was in that crevice. He was leaning against the slant of one, patting it as if it was the cave wall. I



hadn't seen my sparker so tiny in a long while. His voice seemed smaller too, even though it came from the same part of my mind. The only thing the same was that our 'floor' was actually the sheets of the bus bunk. I wondered, before he continued, how they counted threads in a thread count for sheets. That's how long it took him to find words.

*Steen comes up with these monsters, and normally I don't mind fighting them, Heidi. That's because I can convince myself I'm bigger and stronger than a mere idea. But Space—it's real. And it's huge. It reminds me that actually I am a small person, of no importance, and that hits me in a place I've got a lot of fear about.*

*I would only say this to you, sweetheart. Here against the place I know your heart has got to be. Nobody can make me believe you don't have one, doll. I can feel the love it showers me with.*

When he said that, my love surged out in a whoosh instead of a trickle for a few seconds; all over him, like his sweat is sometimes all over me. We knew he was right without me making it into words.

*I really enjoy being a powerful dream spinning rock star, babe. But it's all an illusion they're in love with—the fans, the girls, even Steen and the band. They don't seem to know that I act the fighter and the lover and the charmer, but the real me is a carrot headed purple faced dwarf with zits and splotches and a tiny dick and crooked brown teeth and hair all over and I can be a complete asshole for no reason. I'd make a really bad hound dog.*

He poked his head out above my breasts then, and the Rufus I saw was all grizzled and gnarled and had wrinkles and a lot of red fur and splotches, just like he said. His arms and legs had become short like a child's, but as he pulled himself out from between my mounds, his dick was huge and dangling. I guess he'd decided to shrink everything else but that, the johnnycake. It tickled its head against me with a mind of its own. I liked it when he lolled out his tongue from between his big crooked teeth and arranged the crevices of his 'hideous' face into a leer. I guess I'm like what they say; a person's face is lovely to the one that loves them.

*Rufus, I'm so fat I'm a blimp! I'm my own zip code! What's more I have pop eyes and a squeaky voice and I'm bald! But you tell me I'm a goddess. Don't you?* For emphasis I puffed out my cheeks into pink peach balloons and bulged my eyes out and blinked them at the end of snail-like stalks. *You are the cutest furry red dwarf I ever let walk all over me.*

And so the Red Dwarf went on a journey through the Heidiverse. He went on foot part way, and shrank and expanded as required to traverse my difficult crevasses.

It tickled. But I must confess I panicked when he was inside and really tickling in earnest, because he thought it was funny to yell, “Cuntquake!”

I thought I was going to smash him. I stuck my hand in after him as far as it would go and cried, *Grab my ring, Rufy, please!*

*No, you silly cunt*, he replied with a bit of annoyance, which further fed my worry, unfortunately. I managed to get his foot between fingers and thumb and began to pull. He grew a bit in response and grabbed at my labia, refusing to be ejected.

The furrier and more wiggly he got, the tighter he fit, the more it tickled and I was squeezing in around him despite myself.

*Stop being so damn exciting*, I cried. Then in desperation I gave up the struggle and simply came.

It felt like showers of hot gravel mixed with swimming in the bathtub only in colors. Rufy kicked against my inner thigh and waved his arms above his head and his uproarious laughing continued to shake me for quite some time.

The feeling of his feet, his beautiful elegant feet kicking at my swelling thigh on such short little legs, rocketed ecstasy through my dreaming surfaces all over again.

I felt as if I were made of white fluorescence like the inside of a light bulb. I nearly flew away from the mental place we were playing and back into my dreary old flat rubber self, miles away in a little roll. But I concentrated on the lit up strands of my yellow stringy poly wig and crept back to Rufy, sitting there on the plains of me watching the show.

He’d let up a bit on the furry dwarf business, though he had kept the beard. He looked more like a red and gold cave man with his softly upholstered arms clasped around his knees. He was smirking and his blue diamond eyes twinkled.

*Silly Wasabi. You are made of molecules with lots of space between them. I can’t stifle.* He wrapped my limp white hand around himself like a blanket and kissed my thumb. I kissed him back with the mouth in my palm. He snuggled his butt right into it. We both giggled at that joke.

Then he let me shrink and solidify till I was nearly the same size as he was and wrapped around him like a satiny white blanket, still glowing.

Anyway, in the new stage show, Rufus didn't need Murray's help to handle the space monster after all. They changed the effect too, so that before it folded up and was gone, it gave out a bright sheet of white flash.

I didn't actually attend. I watched it on the Net, in a video a fan took with their camera phone. There are usually plenty of them a few days after a concert.

## Chapter Thirteen

### The Itch

I will never, ever covet a meat body. The rubber one is quite enough, thank you. And nowadays I am only in it on special occasions, such as when I am doing Rufus a favor. I have detached myself from the need for the ‘thing’ entirely. I can feel perfectly well without the help of some material tool. They’re disposable, and I am not. I am incredible, though.

That is a word Steen chose for me, and it has lovely double meanings of needing to believe. And I no longer believe that physical attachments of a permanent nature are necessary—to me.

It took me a while to reach this belief, and I did not always believe I was complete without it. After all, you could say that my rubber body was kind of my mother. I was born in it.

But it also led to some of the absolutely worst experiences I ever want to be subjected to and do not wish to repeat. Such as popping, and being helplessly chewed. Such as having an itch.

One night after the show I had been on the Internet looking at underwear. Perhaps it wouldn’t have affected me the way it did if I hadn’t been trying to figure how it would be to have these strategic bits of lace and satin and so forth on it, but the old rubber self was crumpled and dirty under the pillow at the moment, and I was a bit nervous about its general welfare because of that. It might be too interesting if Steen’s little menaces got loose. So I went to find the guys, and they hadn’t bothered to go out to any pub crawl; they were quietly getting drunk in the green room.

I curled around Rufus where he lounged in a low chair with his laptop. He was writing something. A sweet smirk let me know he knew I was there. I imagined I had on some nice red things that tied in bows on either side of my nipples and little mittens of matching lace with holes for my thumbs to poke through. A film of red gauze flowed down from the cups of the thing and red elastic straps framed my waist and hips, clamped to the tops of sheer red stockings. In these clothes I didn't mind having no toes.

When he glimpsed all the red his eyebrows waggled, but still he said nothing, only sipped at his drink and kept writing. Steen and the drummer and the keyboardist were there and he wasn't about to draw their attention. I just lay stretched out under his legs and smiled up, feeling the carpeting beneath me and looking at the sagging acoustic tiles above.

Suddenly I could no longer enjoy the tickle of the shag under my back. My surface felt as if it was under attack! The microbes of my unwashed self were choosing this midnight to burst out and make inroads into my molecular structure. I flung my red baby-doll up over my head and began scrubbing at my midriff with the little red lace mitts. In my own hearing it sounded like scritch scritch skreak.

But that was not the only place I was itching—perhaps it was the imagined feel of the laces, once so pleasant, turning to torture? Once it caught my imagination it was everywhere at once—breasts, buttocks neck arms, waist, even down my legs under the silky smooth casings.

The itch really had me. I rolled my eyes up at Rufus and he rolled his back. *For crying out loud*, I heard him say in my mind, *that's disgusting*.

I had nearly dislodged my breasts from the top they were supposed to be packaged by with my increasingly frantic rubbing. I was disgusted myself, but I couldn't stop. I was spreading misery and didn't blame him for being disgusted as well. Some of the newer infestations of bacteria were like a line of tiny nipples for demons. Too high and painful to scrub loose, they protruded maddeningly into my epidermal surface as if they would prick it. Rather than dislodging they would crater me. I felt as if the ones I did loosen were just escaping to become dust under me. But while an unscratched itch on my torso remained I couldn't seem to stop. Rufus merely grunted and tried not to watch.

I shredded the filmy stockings away in red streamers with my mind to get beneath them. He grimaced. They remained on the carpeting like a red spotted oil slick of discomfort, but I would not get up from under his lounging legs. It was his spunk that started this. How were we to know it could turn to this?

When he finally folded closed the laptop and stood up, swaying from his mai tais, I stood too and let him brush my sparkles down. He hadn't stopped the carnage I'd done to my imaginary body, but once it was over he wanted me to feel better right away, whether the others saw him patting at the air or not! No, his compassion helped to dust away the scraps and flakes. I sent him hot gratitude for his stewardship for my well being, as the skin of my swaying body of light burned into nothingness the nightmare of itch. But Rufus was dizzy and so he fell back onto the chaise lounge again, with me and the laptop beside him.

Parts of me touched the shag carpeting, and like evil insects the itch ran up me again.

"Oh no. Not again." Davey looked at him quizzically when he said that, but as Rufus seemed to be staring at nothing, he didn't reply.

*Cunt*, I said into his mind, deeply unhappy. *Filthy cunt, that's me*. Rufus uses that for his ultimate swear word. He called his ex that and said I was different. But I was feeling pretty cunt now. My self-disgust consumed me like a match shriveling at the heart of its flame.

*I can't help being a filthy bloody cunt*, I continued. Steen was looking this way, ever since the latest collapse, but I didn't care. Did Rufus know how much it worried me when he called his enemies cunts? *Too much of me is twat and too little of everything else*. I ran my mind over my own miserable surfaces as if I were scrubbing at myself again, an inventory of the Heidi membrane—*cunt cunt cunt bloody fucking filthy cunt*.

I felt black misery pouring off me into the ether from my entire surface. It dimmed all my sparkles to gray. Happy masters of their own bodies like him could play with dirt and then just go wash it away, make artistic facsimiles of the misery, this wretched decay, this consumption by minutiae, and then replace all their follicles in their sleep. They were not chained to inanimate ephemera. I felt as if I Was this gunky body, this truly horribly filthy disgusting worthless piece of cunt shaped plastic wrinkled in the linens. I didn't know how to let it go. It was the only life I understood. So I cried out to the darkness to take me.

*I'm not good for anything but demon fodder tonight*, I told the darkness. Yes, it has a life. *Take my misery and filth as an offering*. I felt the black streams of it going down the gullets of a hundred thousand tiny astral parasites, running out from me like a spreading ink stain.

Rufus was wide eyed. It's one thing to feel black, and quite another to feel somebody else's black.

"Oy," I heard him say aloud. "Heidi's in a mood."

"You mean your invisible girlfriend's in a mood?" Ole Lindendahl snorted. He's the drummer and it takes a lot to ruffle him. "My man, you have either had enough or too much!"

Hopefully Rufus had the laptop open, to explain why he was asserting such a thing out of the blue. I wasn't even looking at him anymore, nor paying much attention to the others, even Steen, who seemed suddenly focused and awake.

"She's rolling on the floor and calling herself a filthy cunt," Rufus reported, as if he needed to convince himself. I no longer cared much about anything except how the little leeches of darkness were draining away my misery, and my awareness with it.

"What's she got on?" slurred Murray Lin, with bemused prurience.

"Not much," said my man. "She's got her nightie rucked up over her head and she's giving us a full frontal." He didn't mention the hideous scabby patches of misery leaking darkness. Idly I wondered if he could see them.

"Sounds pretty filthy," said Steen, and from the way he sounded about to weep I could tell that he saw, really saw. Something in me rallied and did not want to be obliterated after all. But how?

Davey Munsch spoke up, drunk as a lord and in a mood I had witnessed a good many times before this. It usually had to do with groupies, that is, female fans equally inebriated. "We knows what to do wif a filthy cunt, the proper treatment. Set her up Rufus me man."

There was a moment of silence during which Rufus looked down at the state of me, his expression quizzical. "Well, what about it?" Steen asked in a ringing voice, whereupon Rufus met his eye and smirked. He pretended to open his laptop again. They were up to something and I wondered with what remained of my wondering faculties if I would regret it.

“I’m sending her a picture,” Rufus replied to his audience. Indeed, a black asshole was superimposed prominently upon my inner vision, with legs kneeling below it, his pictorial explanation. Clear enough, and I truly didn’t care what they did to me at the moment. Darkness is like that. Then he snapped his laptop shut again and leaned it up against the back of the lounge.

I felt him hauling me upright by one arm and went with it. I knelt up on the chaise lounge, still bleeding blackness upward into the night.

Another nudge and I was on hands and knees.

“There,” said my keeper, and moments later I felt the abrupt abrasive penetration of a not very large dick. A rhythm was set to which I reacted so as not to be knocked over. Rufus kept his arm between my head and the back of the seat, which was where Davey had put his hands. Other hands grabbed my hips to steady my access by Davey the penetrator—it was Steen. I looked up over my own blackened shoulder; the two were smirking like thieves at each other! And Davey soon yelled and sprayed the chaise lounge with musky whiteness. Then he fell over backward on his ass, laughing uproariously.

Rufus rubbed it onto my dangling ethereal breasts and he and Steen laughed too. I suppose it looked like he was gesturing with fingers full of semen at the rest of the band. “Weirdest thing I ever seen,” slurred Murray, who couldn’t seem to stand up from his chair anyway.

“Was not and you know it,” retorted Ole. “Not in Steen’s neighborhood.” He just kept shaking his head and sucking on his beer.

Meanwhile Steen had kept his hold on me and opened his own trousers. Rufus’ face began to flush the sort of red it usually only gets when exposed to the weather, but he let Steen take me. One of his hands began to stroke inside Steen’s shirt.

I could suddenly feel everything Steen felt. I could suddenly feel the way Rufus was nearly bent double against the inside of his own trouser fly. What was going on?

As for myself, when the black tide had finally run away down the sucking gullets of the last of the little astral beings, they floated away like spots on the inside of your eyelids and I was still there, still bright, and now filled with two men’s love.



There was a stumbling and muttering as the rest of the band left. They could perhaps not see me, but any idiot could see what was happening between Steen and Rufy, even drunk.

Soon I was a happy film of sparks crushed between them.

I was pressed to upright kneeling against the golden orange hairs on Rufus' chest and clenching my insides around Steen. Gigantic hands opened and exposed Rufy's penis as well and they met in me, kept from touching each other by nothing but me.

Rufus didn't bother to fondle me! No, he had Steen by the beard and was savaging his mouth above my tiara. Incidentally it was lit up like never before. Something about the run-in with darkness had given it new shine, perhaps as bits of tarnish lingered in its crevices for contrast. I had never felt so solid, and yet I was rolled thin as paper between my men.

Steen's hands left Rufus and twined with mine. He crushed them in his giant ones until I could feel every finger. Yes, I was developing into a true goddess. And as he raised my arms as high as they would go, still rocking against me and the counterpoint set by Rufus, I felt it. I was the Goddess. I was blessed. I was a balance between the oppositions embodied by these two males, both so powerful. It was as if the whole night lit up in a flashing spot between the three of us, subsiding into glittering precipitate of every hue. I made a very loud shriek that made both of them laugh aloud, and then their hips danced in me until their release fountained out in me, on me and each other.

Rufus bent and kissed me on my immaterial o of a mouth and I orgasmed just from that into another display of rainbows. It drove my head back against Steen's thudding heart and sweaty skin. Then down Rufus pulled my face and rubbed himself with it, as he has so often before, so that I can taste him all over. Hungry as always for the taste of his neck, and his nipples, and his navel, and the stripe of russet hairs he calls treasure trail. His penis, though, he denied me.

And Steen gripped my hips from behind so that when Rufus withdrew I couldn't reach it. What were they up to now?

I began to perceive the room we were in again, as well as the prodding Steen was doing at my insides again. He hadn't subsided at all.

But where had Rufus gone? I lifted head and shoulder off the chaise where my top half had fallen, scanning blindly as a newborn kitten for the direction of my dear lord. Steen was lovely, but he was never going to be Rufus, any more than cheese could be soap.

“She’s looking for you yar,” Steen murmured, even as he rolled with me down to lie upon the lounge behind me, those commanding hands keeping me round him. His tone was just snide enough to intimate that I was cowed by the mighty Herren. As if! It wasn’t that he was fearsome, just foreign.

I had never been loved by Steen alone, without Rufus there. The times I came at his summons would be in the future. That is part of our whole story yet for me to unwind. Now he was a great unknown, and roused in me very primal fears. Since he had my hips so tight, I had put my hands into my own hair, not knowing where else to lay them if they could not hold my Rufy.

My two hands were joined by a third, yanking my head up at a new vector toward what could only be my love. My vision cleared from its obstruction of panic and I could feel a smile crease my face under my sparkling brow. It was such a relief knowing he was still there. He hadn’t abandoned me to the unknown, any more than he had abandoned me when I was covered in gory infectiousness.

My devoted look prompted him to send a mental snapshot of the scene through his eyes. Steen’s shirt and pants were open but he was still fully clothed and sticking his uncovered dick into thin air which contained the sparkly me, though for Rufy I tended to fade in and out as my mind wandered, or was it his? He was pretty drunk! My hips and legs were mottled with red angry spots where bacteria were still eating, like a week-old scald by the sun that had left blisters on Rufus’ back once. But the inky darkness no longer leaked away from me. I had my sparkling breasts heaving around shreds of red satin as well as some dangling from my shoulders, left over from my unfortunate lingerie show. My face was turned up to him in pop-eyed, shining relief beneath his fist in my hair.

*Why leave me with Steen?* I sent my thought, not really caring what he would answer, now that he had returned. It had seemed like an endless few minutes. He gave me a mental nod, noncommittal, informing me that he’d had to piss, and was now enjoying the show.

I let Steen finish while rolling my eyes all the way up into my head, focusing myself greedily upon the fist in my hair, dangling from it like a veil of gauze and bliss. I felt the furnace heat of my man's desire rising at the sight of the both of us.

Steen felt me going diaphanous and plastered me over himself like a wet sheet, yelling 'helvede' with sweat rolling from his hairline to his eyes as he came straight up into the air, subsiding back into the chaise with a shiver. He blinked, and rubbed at his eyes and his upper lip. With my eyes swiveled backward like that I could see that detail quite well. His seed fell back upon him, even as my man pulled me to my knees before him. Steen was left panting and envious, flat on his back.

I perceived that Rufus must be kneeling as well, with knees against the edge of the chaise. His hot hunger for me surrounded me like an orange mist. My mouth's first contact with his lovely milk and rose skin fell at shoulder level. Eagerly I tasted my way along his clavicle to the sturdy angle of his neck and jaw. At the back of my neck I felt Steen's sharp gaze on us.

For a brief time he let me nuzzle in that vital cleft against his pulse and the tossing of his head and small sounds let me know he was appreciative. Yet all too soon I felt his hand on my shoulder guiding me lower. So lower I went, licking and mouthing with my everted ring of inner surface the wonderful texture of his chest hairs, hoping for a nipple, but most certainly finding his left armpit.

Once there I wallowed and snuffled to get a nice load of his scent. I could almost feel Steen's eyes landing upon us like brushes, egging on Rufus in his reactions. I got a groan from him and a nudge further down.

As my head was lowered I could feel my ass rising up into the air behind me, the scrubbed and spunked on surfaces of my buttocks nearly solid from all they had been through this night. I stretched and inflated them in the direction of our audience. I wondered if he could smell leftover traces of himself from where he was.

Meanwhile my face was being slid gently over my lord's rock hard, vibrating abdominals along the hairs that helped it glide. The tube of my tongue substitute provided little impedance even as I ran it into his salty navel in passing. My elbows contacted the chaise when my head was finally deep in his lap. He'd sat back on his heels on the floor during this downward glide. Now he

stretched his legs out straight in front of him and leaned back. I followed his cock as it rose to vertical, a bitch hound on the scent of him even as he slid backwards.

He must have hit a wall or something because suddenly my nose and mouth were full of his fragrant dangles. If Rufus hadn't been so drunk he would have let me expand my mouth until I could fit them all the way in. But it didn't occur to him, and I frankly didn't care. I am a worshipper of his crotch. Like the hound I was impersonating I inhaled and wagged my head, rolling in the wonderful aroma. He still wasn't what I'm used to as hard, but that didn't concern me either. I tickled and sucked and nuzzled and caressed whatever I met with. My nose dug in deep; my mouth grazed the hairs of his inner thighs. I got one arm around his mighty fencing hardened thigh and held on as if it were a swim buoy as he began to writhe. Rumbling and roaring was coming from his throat now and it gladdened me.

Just as I was flapping my poly hair into the juncture of his legs and pubis he grabbed me and flung me back bodily, then dived on me to flatten his whole body length against mine. His forehead pressed against my forehead as if our brains might melt together all over my tiara. He was trembling like a saucepan on the boil and about to lose its lid. *You*, I whispered, almost into his mouth.

Then his massive tongue shot out and he was kissing me with it and fucking me and only the leg thrown round my waist kept me from being shoved halfway back across the floor. Yes, we were on the floor. Things lurking in the shag didn't trouble me one bit. He hit spots inside me that only he can hit and my glad cries sang out like bells and whistles before I could possibly stop them, telling the whole universe it was him, him, him inside me, me, me.

What a show for Steen. I suppose that anyone else would think Rufus was having convulsions in the corner. Who gives a flying fuck? We had made wonder out of something truly disgusting.

Later, I don't know how much later, when we were motionless, having used up our desires against the bulwarks of each other, Rufus noticed Steen again, at ease and regarding us. He dragged us up to the lounge and Steen held us close with a sigh. He lectured Rufus on putting me away dirty, but the nagging could not dampen our content.

It was nice to have Steen there. He was familiar now, more than he had been. Rufus seemed to think it was quite natural to include him. I should have known. The link between the three of us was already as snug as the o ring on a canning jar.

## Chapter Fourteen

### Heidi Gets Teeth

I must mention that the fun in our dreams continued. Rufus seemed to have launched a campaign to make me feel completely safe in the great universe, and that included making me fiercer.

He woke me between sleep and dream with a nearly incoherent spiel of images and mumbles about being in a motion picture called the Wicker Man. It was set in Scotland and all the folk in the town were part of an ancient religion that the modern world around did not comprehend, but that the land did. He and I were part of the town, of course, and some fellow in a uniform had come from outside the town and would not understand. That is where it got muddled because the transition from the uniform guy waking up wearing the mask of a stag into being the stag was a bit abrupt.

And the one hunting the stag was Rufus, and he wasn't wearing a mask. He actually turned into a red wolf! His hands grew long claws and his legs were so muscled that they split open the ends of his jeans. His redwing boots got completely shredded. In the dream images he actually liked making rags of his clothes. But he kept yowling and growling as he changed. The shift seemed to hurt.

At the end of his changing he stood there, a magnificent tawny specimen, regarding me with naked desire that I could not help feeling in return. So what if he could shred me? This was a dream. It would probably feel nice. I watched him think himself into new clothes, dark split

leather with long fringes and silver chains hanging down. “No,” he told me in a hoarse whisper, “I will not be shredding you. You were a bitch hound in pursuit of me the other night. Be that bitch now.” He approached, his nostrils dilating and snuffling.

I looked down at myself to find that he had clothed me in black leather and chains to match his. I had pointy toed boots on with wicked stomping heels. My hair had become a very short, no-nonsense buzz of pale blond. My mouth opened wide and its edges curled back from new hard ridges inside.

My love was close now, rubbing his wet nose along my cheek. In his eyes I saw my own snarl reflected. I had Teeth! Each one was like an ivory cone in a semicircular row. Below was a matching row less pointed but meeting with the others like the edge of a blunt blade. Eyes widening I reared back, startled.

He yanked me close, claws sinking into but not piercing my leathers. He snarled and without words I could comprehend: *Oh no, you don't. Not one move away from me. Not ever.*

Without even thinking about it I hissed, snarling wider. It made my popping eyes feel as if they were lit like lanterns from behind. I spread my fingers as wide apart as they would go and felt sharp finials hardening on the ends of each one. I dug them into the back of his jacket between the chains and fringe. Wham wham, they hit, with a forcefulness he had never previously felt from his bouncy Heidi. He growled in pleasure.

He licked the jacket away from my neck.

I threw my head back and howled. My throat was bared and my one leather covered leg rose up along his and went around his waist. I tried weighing as much as I could, pulling us backward as his teeth began to worry at my chest. Below, his loins thrust hard into mine with each grunt and growl, hard and deep so I felt a breeze on my lower parts every time he withdrew to plunge in again.

He'd imagined himself so big that he didn't even fit all the way inside. His furry balls were swinging against my butt, seems the leather pants had no middle, but it was a far distance to them and they hit with a slap.

Still I howled my approval, clenching with all of me, letting him tear open the front of my leathers and use his fangs to carve reddish grooves in my breasts. He would pull away to the very end of each and cover the streaks he'd made with his devouring tongue.

Then he clenched his claws hard into my shoulders, nearly hard enough to pop my arms out, and simply thrust into me with his own head thrown back, panting, tongue drooling down upon his red furred chest.

I snarled. I didn't grow fur myself, but I felt as if my new loosened lips were inside out, and breath hissed from my throat instead of my nostrils. I truly was a beast in this dream. It was a powerful and solid feeling. My individuated talons sank deep into Rufus from behind, urging him into me as far as he could go.

Suddenly he yanked me up by the shoulders and spun me, and fell onto the ground with me on my belly under him in that dream place. His teeth nearly met as he buried them into the joining of my neck and shoulder. I screamed and during my scream he thrust into me from behind, far deeper than he could from the front.

I drew in a ragged breath, deep into my new fierce mouth, and screamed again as his jaws lifted me back up into an arch away from the earth. He yelled and dropped me as his come shot into me, all over inside me, seemed to weep out the pores of the ravaged skin of my front.

Then we lay still. It seemed as if the grasses grew taller all around us. Flowering plants bloomed in the long grass; small trees sprang up.

And when at last we arose, we were Heidi and Rufus again.

Our leathers had worn thin during the time we'd laid there, turning back. And I was not the same Heidi. My fingers and my mouth were new, more human. My mouth was still much tinier than Rufy's, but I could work the lips. From my own reflection in Rufy's smiling blue eyes, they were pinker than the rest of my face. I felt the way the teeth hinged together on either side, way in back. I blinked at my reflection in his eyes, then focused my eyes out on him. They fluttered, the lids! The other eyes up in my tiara couldn't do that.

"Let's see that mouth," he said with a smile, and kissed me. When he pulled his tongue back again, I wanted so much to follow it home with one of my own. But I didn't have a tongue.



Instead that old inside out tube began to poke from between my shiny flexible new lips. I was embarrassed and put my hand up to stick it back in.

“No; I like it,” said my man. “It’s your own invention.”

And to reassure me completely he grabbed me by my sagging shoulders and sucked it out into his mouth. I began to squeal. That’s what I call the joyful noise I make anyhow, that sounds like a balloon with a slow leak. Anyway, we kissed and practiced with my new dream mouth. I wanted to know it very well so I could imagine it clearly when we woke up. It took a few days of trying, but I did it. Steen said it was fetching.

## Chapter Fifteen

### Feeling Flat

Rufus couldn't seem to get enough of my new improved mouth. The next morning he awoke us by sitting on my face. That wasn't all we did, but for me it was the highlight. Firstly, it wasn't my sad old rubber face. Nothing was between my sparkles and his glorious surface. I didn't have to sink into deadness to enjoy him through it. I had stayed quiet as a morning mist beside him, just basking in my new higher vibrational frequency. He helps me to live in this world this way.

Step one in the morning is to just lie there. You lie there and accept the body you are in, or in my case, not in, for the duration of your day and assess what it will take to get it going. In our case lying together is very companionable because Rufus usually requires a bunch of rutting.

I was lying there next to him, glowing and sharing my realization of this when all at once I noticed he was teasing at the curled fingers of my left hand. He was checking on the ring! How sentimental—his ring, his coil of spring. That led to his rolling onto me and pumping in and out of my smile and then drinking himself from my lips and a number of other pleasant things.

He's sat other people on my sparkle face before, usually without them realizing. This was different, a milestone for us both somehow.

Later I was in the bathroom watching him pee. I was still trying to figure out what its significance was, because of my dream of being a human, you see. I hadn't felt the need in the dream, but it has an obvious correlation with drinking. And I'd certainly had to do that! He even

sat me down on his lap, because he said females usually manage it that way, and I squeezed and squeezed until I was all shivery, but nothing happened except that the holes down there nearly went inside out, which did not feel correct at all.

We gave it up and showered together. He said he had found all new places to kiss me. I was a bit wobbly feeling after the toilet experiment, but that rather perked me up, as you can imagine. He dried my sparkle hair and his own with the blower, even though mine doesn't need it. The water doesn't adhere unless I want it to, and adds welcome weight usually. I do think it made my tiara more radiant to be warmed.

In his mind I saw how I appeared to him. Personally I don't like the way my face creases in the middle when it's smug, as it doesn't look like I have enough bones. It looks—inflated! But he likes it, probably because he is the cause. Then through the door I heard someone yelling —“Dixon, where the fuck are you? Get your ass out here!”

It was Davey; they must have been going to rehearse or something.

We were holding hands, and he began to shrink me even as we stood together, smaller and more twinkly with every second.

“Oh so now you're going to dictate to a man how long he spends on the crapper, Munsch?” he retorted, grinning at me.

“Ah you're probably just catching up on your reading. **War and Peace**, innit?”

Rufus lifted the tiny me clinging to the ball of his thumb and tucked me into his shirt pocket, where I am so at home. “I'll have you know, dude, that I've just about got world peace sorted out,” he declaimed, and opened the door.

Living in Rufy's pocket is very convenient for us both, as I can tell when he wants me to be thinking of him. I am there looking back out at him in an instant, while I doze or work the PC keyboard. Someday I might even go traveling around the world the way the email does. I'm not ready. Yet when his love calls for me to return it, I am his midget lady upon which he can use his gigantic tongue in various thrilling ways or the tiny plump waif looking up the wall of him with treasure trail in my mouth, jammed up against the dashboard.

I get so many amazing perspectives, like the time he fucked me with his giant thumb while holding my shoulders with his two longest fingers. Oh did that make him smirk!

And then what did he do? He moved the thumb to my back hole so that he could put his tongue up the front hole! I hung on for dear life to his nose! His red gold lashes and the pools of his blue eyes were like crystal balls in which I could see the whole universe, and it was a place where I was supposed to be. I think the joy we made was like an effervescence that continued for long minutes. He let his eyes drift shut and breathed it in.

I don't know how I got back into the pocket from there, but it was as if I had dissolved and didn't care. When I was myself again I was safe in that familiar slot of warm dark.

However, for the first time I felt—flat. I also wasn't bright. I felt stupid and dim. Oh well; as long as I was in the pocket it didn't really signify.

I lost track of the hours until I felt myself being spitted. Rufus knows he can get away with things when I am drowsy. Now I was expanded large and he and Steen were having their way with me. I had felt him cradling me in his arms most tenderly just beforehand, and draped myself over his shoulders like a shawl. Then he gently wrapped my face around his red and ready pole, and Steen helped himself to my other end, kneading my buttocks into shape.

At first I was a bit indignant and determined not to enjoy it, remain detached and my own mistress, but damn, when it's him that he's feeding me—I ended up responding like the libertine I truly am. And then, when both had satisfied themselves and I rolled away onto my back, looking up at them like a limpid pool of moonbeams licking her new pink lips, bam! I fell fast asleep! I couldn't help falling directly out of their world into dark nothing rest! Was this part of their nefarious plan?

I finally surfaced again in the bed with them. Steen was so very much there, much more than I was, but both were glad to see me. They smeared me between them like a crumpled satin sheet of Heidi and went to sleep like that. But I was puzzled. Why was I so limp?

Later on, Rufus asked me to sit on his face, and try as I might I couldn't find it! He ended up sitting on mine, and it pumped me up wonderfully.

As soon as I was plump again, he 'lent me out' to Steen. I squeaked and enjoyed it, especially my mock outrage at him. *PIMP*, I called Rufy and spanked at his backside with my arms, even as they deflated, because I truly don't like to hurt him. Steen looked at me oddly, even as I went flat again. I was happy and didn't much care what they were thinking, but I had lost a lot of luster.

When I next noticed anything, it was Steen looking directly into my face, his eyes all brown with concern. “Heidi, you must breathe,” he said. So I took a breath. I felt more awake immediately. Rufus was lying next to us, looking guilty. He evidently didn’t understand enough about my nature to know anything was even wrong with me. I dimpled at him in reassurance. How was he supposed to know when I didn’t know it myself?

“I guess this means I am more alive,” I squeaked in my ridiculous voice. I had made myself heard aloud! They both burst into relieved laughter. And now that I realized that my own inflation was up to me, not to Rufus thinking about it, I began to glow again. I made my tiara look like Christmas lights. I flew around the cubicle and hugged them.

Then I let them wrap me between them, a bubble of sparks and energy between their long warm meat solidity.

It seems that when I developed nostrils and a throat, I began to have astral leaks. Perhaps I will develop a hide with pores between my sparks someday, I don’t know.

But for now, it was under control and I had become even more real.

## Chapter Sixteen

### Sit On My Face

“—and tell me that you love me,” goes the song. It took quite some time before Rufus ever did, even though he said he admired my inside-out mouth that I could use like a tongue to stick into places. Steen was much quicker to take advantage of it, when he was visiting. In fact, he would arrange the three of us all sorts of interesting ways. He even got me to stick my entire hand into the places where my hand would never be allowed on Rufus. He even tried to swallow my hand once!

Just once. Rufus told him to stop when he got purple. He didn't like the look of that one bit.

I don't have that particular problem. I don't have to gag, and I can certainly swallow, or anyway contract my oral tube, around whatever Rufus or Steen or a guest fit into my face. It's satisfying to me. And I am not the only one that Rufus denies that pleasure of the other end of him.

I'll tell you part of a secret. Rufus was trying to help me understand my dream about peeing, so he let me watch him do it. Most of the time he stands there, aiming for the toilet and then flushing it after he slams shut the lid. But one time he sat down on the seat and aimed straight down between his own legs. He looked at me a bit quizzically and then said, *Sit on my lap facing me, doll. This is closer to how females have to do it. Us guys only sit down to shit, usually.*

I knew what that was. Humans don't have a litter pan but it's the same as those creepy cats and ferrets. Solids come out separately. For some reason humans prefer to do it into water. I think it

keeps the aromas from spreading as far. What I was not prepared for was all the grief Rufus went through getting the solids out of him.

I am not going to share with you all the things that leaked from his mind to mine as I sat and held him. He made me promise it would stay private. But let me tell you, it's not easy for humans to learn what to do with their shit. And it's not easy to live with crazy people who hurt children for having to shit. I am very thankful that I do not have to and I will never, ever, put my hands or anything else where Rufus does not want them.

*Heidi, I'm fucked up. I'm loony-tunes. I just can't do that. Even for you. Even for Steen.* He looked the most shaken I have ever seen my Rufus, the scintillating rubicund dancer in the spotlight with the flashing teeth and intimidating edges. But I don't want him to do that if it bothers him. He was feeling absolutely horrible and filthy even though the shit was out and the fan was going and it was long down the sewer pipes and the shower was running to make absolutely sure he was not a dirty filthy stinky—

All Heidi could do is what she did, okay? I bent myself double over that toilet and nearly stood on my head with my face smashed up against the back tank and my toe buds waving at funny angles to my knees. I mooned him backwards and said, *Have some shitless, darling.* He had to laugh, and give me a great big slobbery butt kiss.

I followed him into the shower when he finally stood up for that. I kissed him everywhere with all three of my mouths. I moved in between his cheeks and followed the water down. I swarmed up from between his legs, fellatio on my mind and sucked each ball with one hand and his dick with my face. He didn't have to sit. He didn't have to spread, and everywhere I sparkled with my hungry hands and bubbling surfaces of charge I kept repeating—*no shit!* And we chuckled together.

And when at last I rose up along him like a creeping vine of rainbow warmth mixing with the hot spray, he kissed my mouth that had been everywhere.

*Heidi, I've never let anyone else do that. And I never will.* Then he shrank me until I was a convenient four inches high and zipped me into his pants with him.

The end.

## Chapter Seventeen

### Spitted

It got to be quite the habit to share our bed games with Steen. I enjoyed the simple fact that he knew I was there. For a while he needed to be content with only my behind, as Rufus resolutely kept my face toward himself. But somehow Steen prevailed upon him to be more inventive.

I was good for that. While Steen loves to be penetrated, Rufus does not, and so they could meet and balance in me.

Somehow all things meet in Steen. He can be just like a woman, despite his flat hairy chest, then the next minute take charge of the situation like the alpha of the Virgens that he is, with us bending to his will for the sheer rightness of it. He taught us how to balance ourselves in a circle of in and out. He also showed us how to take turns in a circle. I think it takes both of us to balance Steen.

But at the same time this means that it took Steen and me time to realize we needed each other as much as we did Rufus.

Would anyone else have given me the status of a separate being the way Steen did so graciously? I don't know, and I don't want to. I'm thankful to him for seeing me as real. And Not being frightened like a kittycat, but matter of fact about me, like his blasted snooty ferrets. His multicolored changeable eyes see so much. Like when he realized about the gift of misery to the darkness, or that I didn't know about breathing. Little did I know that Rufus was bringing his



relationship difficulties with me to Steen, and that things Rufus taught me to manage this world better, he had gotten advice from Steen about. Steen was just always around.

They worked together, so that didn't strike anyone as odd, including me, the 'pretend' girlfriend. And I did work on getting to know Steen, just because he's naturally fascinating. He has hair that color that's in between all the colors, so that depending on how he wants to appear, it looks blond or brown or red. His eyes are like that too—they shift color depending on what his state of being is. Notice I didn't say 'how he's feeling'. With Steen it's never only that. He embodies whatever it is he's focused on with all parts of himself.

His eyes are really quite big, but they beetle up under a shelf of brow I have seen since on a lot of Danes. Most Danes are not as lofty as Steen, except maybe Hans Christian Andersen. And he didn't glower like Steen, at least in the pictures I've seen. And I have heard he was awkward and clumsy. Steen is not that. He's an athlete and a blade dancer, and he can glower like anything.

Steen cooks things, actual colorful compositions of food, even in the bus kitchenette. And he clips the ferrets' toenails and saves the clippings. He has little jars of hundreds of different things, and uses them the same way he does herbs and spices. I guess it's recipe magic. The recipe, or magic, for using the ferret droppings I know. They go outside the door of wherever the bus is parked and he mumbles some words as he spreads them out. He explained, when he saw me watching him do that, that almost every creature fears ferrets enough to leave their home alone. Even Sasquatch. I had to google who that was, of course.

His love of soccer he explained to me as well. It involves the substitution of magic for warfare. The 'ball' in many of these human games is actual balls of a sacrificed animal originally, or sometimes an enemy's head. He calls them the sacred games. And he truly thinks that if these games are run right, the need for warfare can be eliminated. Rufus grumbled at that point that it's a great way to keep stupid peoples' minds off politics. Steen just smirked and said, "Circus et pane, min ven." And then he crossed his legs and his arms and leaned back belly up, forked beard pointed skyward, daring Rufus to tickle where his shirt was too short. They started fooling with each other and I had to go look that up on the Wiktionary.

Another thing about Steen is how many things he is able to do. He could play every part in the Virgen Steel lineup if he had to, but he knows he's not the best at most of those roles, and so he remains on bass. That way the others are guided by him the way a keel guides a boat. But fans

always laugh at how he's singing along with Rufus lots of times, only they don't have to listen to his yelps because he doesn't get anywhere close to a mike. One moment he'll be screwing up his face, singing his lungs out and shaking his hair. The next moment he'll be nearly invisibly quiet, standing on one leg in his trademark way and peering around him at how the others are doing like an overseer. The moment after that, he'll sling his bass around to his back like a rifle and pull out his broadsword or his cutlass to intimidate whatever ghoul just fell out of the wings.

Once the sound system went out, ironically in the middle of a song called "Power Surge", and it took twenty minutes to come back right. It was an outdoor venue and I came down out of the breeze I was enjoying to see what was wrong. Normally I would never get so close to the sound, but there wasn't any! Steen's eyes flashed green as leeks and then he signaled for the band's attention by holding up his right hand, his picking hand, and making a fist.

Oh his fierceness! His hair was stuck to his face in sweaty ribbons and his cheeks were glowing and glistening. He bared his white even teeth in a snarl, taking deep breaths that made his bare chest heave against the twin braids of his beard. Then he brought that fist slowly and ceremoniously to the center of his chest and roared—

"WE'VE GOT BALLS!"

He swiveled his head around to the wings and said to Manny, "Throw me that shrunken head, my man; we'll give 'em something to see." Manny couldn't find a shrunken head of course because there wasn't one, but there was a soccer ball rolling around that Steen had been using to relax with earlier. When he threw it out onstage, the crowd went wild. Rufus followed his lead. With wild yells of "BALLS!" they slung their axes behind them and began to kick it back and forth.

Murray Lin came out and Davey; even Ole joined in after a bit, once Manny came out to be a sixth.

Every time they got a 'goal' shot into the wings, they all would yell, "Balls!" and soon the audience was doing the same. That concert made the front pages of regular newspapers, not just music mags.

So you see what a hero he is. I would be a fool not to love him as much as he is willing to love me.

But there is also my realization, begun in dream, that there will always be a space between us, because we are simply too different. He might be more magic than most humans, but he is still a human. And he did not make me. Our magics are different.

I'm selfish. I don't want there to be a space between me and anyone I love, or at least not for long. But in some ways I can never be as close to Steen as I am to Rufy and that is simply because in a way, Rufy made me out of his own essence like that Pygmalion guy did his wife, or that Blodwedd made of flowers. Still, he couldn't have done it without having Steen around for a guiding example of how magic is.

The result was me, I guess.

But sometimes Steen and I are completely incomprehensible to each other, even if the minute before we were reading each other's minds. It fluctuates between us like intersecting sine waves, and it constitutes, he says, the portal to something. I dreamed that this was true. But what it is the portal to, I do not know. Nor does he. I don't know why not knowing doesn't bother him, when he enjoys knowing so many things.

How Steen proposed—or rather, found out he ought to propose—was discordant like that.

Rufus and I were enjoying a nice vanilla morning together, where he screwed me up against the kitchen counter and got my face all puffy and rosy, and then he had cream pie and coffee. His lovely blue eyes rolled up to mine as I luxuriated in his stubbly jaw contact with the insides of my legs. My feet may be underdeveloped, but my legs are quite good, thanks!

A few last leisurely licks and then he told me he was going to the Society for Creative Anachronism camp at the Renaissance festival for three days and wanted me to stay with Steen, not come along.

I was shocked.

“Babe, I'm going to be in a pup tent surrounded by sharp blades. I'm teaching a workshop on blade work—Rude's Swashbuckling for Buccaneers. You wouldn't like it.”

Of course he had gotten involved with SCA because Steen had been in it first. I should have seen it coming. With as much good grace as I could muster I agreed to stick with Steen instead and give him his blade time. Not that I wasn't able to peek into his thoughts whenever I felt the need; it was just the cuddles and the results of cuddles I'd be skimping on.

He put his wonderful fingers to my forehead and they went through it, in the eye screen place. It felt liquidy and I wanted to cry with gladness. Sometimes it feels as if the energies between us are like rubber bands, like our wedding bands only right through us and joining us like an a sort of umbilical wheel of light. Sometimes they pull us together when we are actually far apart; other times they keep us so tight to each other we feel like Siamese twins and I can forget to breathe again.

Rufy's such an extrovert he had to explain me to the world with some sort of excuses and fictions, because he couldn't hide that he was in love again. Even if I wouldn't ever be his only female, he likes having one that's really his. And the most explaining of course had been to Steen, who was always around and saw the most. Nowadays he was the only one I got shared with.

I didn't mind being shared, even with strangers, but the sort of situation where we can do the share was not as often as he liked.

His fems in every port weren't taking kindly to me, or the rumors of me. They preferred to flatter themselves that they were stealing him from some other girl when he was there with them. I wasn't welcome even in theory. You read how badly it could go.

It nearly went badly with me too, when he and Steen arranged all this without explaining that Steen was more important than the girls. I had always thought Rufus had boys in every port too, but it turned out I was wrong. He'd gotten serious with Steen.

That night before Rufus left for SAC camp, he let us dream in the same bunk together. I followed him back from a picnic in our dreams to the bed, to find myself being 'lent out' again. He and Steen had me between them and were kissing over my head, even though my sparkles were wrapped around Rufus like an electric boa. But since he'd started first, Rufus finished first, leaving me to be thoroughly and not unskillfully reamed by Steen.

Seeing Rufus lie there and watch me taken was such a blatant reminder that it wasn't him in me that I didn't reach full enjoyment and felt rather crumpled afterward.

But somehow, this turned them on! They looked at me, mimicking partial deflation and rolling my big eyes up at them with my tube of a moue and nearly no chin, and they decided to do the whole business again! I did my puppy dog eyes at Rufus, and he indicated that he'd like it very

much if I rose for this occasion, by pretending to blow me up with kisses. I plumped up, but still pouted, and waved my hand with the rubber ring on it under his nose. He just grinned and wiped his nose as if I'd tickled it.

What bothered me most was that this time, as I was sandwiched, Rufus kept wiping the tingle of my hands away from his body and back onto myself, even as we screwed! What was he trying to say, that I should get used to playing with my own hair, stroking my own hip? Was it was because he was leaving in the morning? Meanwhile Steen was having me, kneading my breasts as if he wanted to pop them, and when I tilted my head back to rubberneck I could see his cuff of white teeth grinning out of his goatee in that fierce and splendid way.

Eventually the two of them got the fat lady to sing. Even as I squealed and retreated into confused pleasure, I could sense they were kissing again. I found it kind of hot. Steen was imagining I was Rufus, and Rufus was imagining I was Steen, and I was imagining I was Steen too! What in the world!

When he was finally sated Rufus put his head onto those breasts, which Steen had been aiming in all directions but were mine, and I had permission to touch him again. Yes! His breasts too! With relief we drifted off together.

The next thing I noticed was a whiff of fresh breeze where he was imagining me in the pocket of his biking jacket. He was on his way, and I was pledged to stay on the bus. It briefly puzzled me that when I felt myself in that pocket, Steen was still snuggled against my back.

The next thing I knew I was being propelled to and from the bus toilet by the butt, as if I were strapped across Steen's chest like a bear pelt or something. This was not Rufy's usual manner with me at all. It made the world seem all cockeyed and wrong. Whatsisname Steen, NOTMyMan Steen, had me on his lap to take a crap! That was simply too much too soon, Mister Herren! How dare you do something I thought was private between Rufus and me?

I flew up to the little square of ceiling and glared at him.

He just blinked grayishly up from under his brows and scratched his armpits. "Hey, I thought you liked it." OOH!! I left. I went to the kitchen and glared at the ferrets through the mesh. They put their wet noses on me but that's all they could manage of course.

When he came out of the toilet and began to shuffle around the kitchen, I began my tirade of outrage. *I am not your plaything, Steen. Just because you can see me, and just because you and Rufus have shared other girls, and you don't mind using my back hole, it doesn't mean I am anything to you, or you to me.*

*Truly, it's not like I require regular fucks like a dog needs walks! Like any being I require my alone time to be myself, and I also require RUFUS DIXON THE MAN I MARRIED. You might be a genius and a wizard and a polymath, but you are NOT Rufus.* It did not occur to me that exactly because he was not Rufus, Steen couldn't hear what I was thinking at him so loudly. In fact, I barely cared; I just wanted to yell.

Steen was still looking grey and foggy. The coffee maker was gurgling and he was looking at it wistfully, while washing down a hunk of herring and some buttered brown bread with a beer. When he stood up to get a mug and the Jaegermeister I flew at him. He broke a plate in the sink when I snippily remarked, into his right ear, *You know I don't give a toss about Virgin Steel either, except when their tenor is there.*

He was grumbling about not being a morning person and slowly putting the shards into the bin while I flew to his other ear to say, *You are such a genius but you didn't realize that.*

He whirled on me, quivering. "Bloody helvede, Heidi! I swear to you—"and he pointed one finger right at me, backing me off—"if you kom mellem mej og kaffekanden igen I am going to ELECTROCUTE you!" His eyes were bright red. He was snarling exactly like the red devil mannequin they use in the stage show. I shrank.

He noticed I'd shrunk. A bit of sorrow tinged his glaring eyes, turning them hazel again. His finger fell. "Before I could stop!" he moaned softly, with his lips twisting and quivering under his mustache. His chest was heaving and his nostrils were wide. Silently he turned back to the sink.

I shrank more.

I shrank down to under a meter high. Steen could have put his two hands over and under me and balled me up and thrown me in the bin too. I wouldn't have minded, because I was sorry.

"Sorry," I squeaked, and went away—to the big boring sucky in-between.

Eventually I thought that since I was between anyway I may as well check in on Rufus and peek at him at least. It turns out it was still night in that time zone. Rufus was in the tent and alone. He sleepily smiled in welcome. No blades were where he slept.

I got right to the point after I'd made him know how glad I was to be there. *It's not right, Rufus. I'm your wife, not his. And I'm not your pet that needs to be screwed or I'll make a mess in the corner.* I saw his mouth twitch but he carefully didn't smirk at that. *Well, I may like a regular fucking, but I can do without until you are home.*

*I don't enjoy being untrue to you, Rufy. I'm your wife. I have a choice. I am a person. I'm Heidi Wasabi and I even have my own web page.* I saw him resolving to go look at it—about time he did!

*You shouldn't make Steen take care of me like a pot plant. It's not fair to either of us. Granted he's the only one who really sees me as well as you, but WHY? What makes you think Steen ought to be fucking your wife?*

Rufy swallowed. He evidently hadn't thought it would seem like that to me. So he got to the point too. "I, ah, I married him too, Heidi, sort of. A long time ago. I didn't think of it like that until just now, but it is like that.

"Look here, Virgen Steel was—Steen and I were—we're a package now. Things happened between us, and our blood mixed, and we're blood-bonded. There's not really a way to get rid of Steen. So I was glad he could see you."

*Well, I didn't marry him! You high and mighty meatheads forgot that detail!*

"Steen's got a lot of affection for you. He'd like it if you were his shakti too."

No, he had said he'd electrocute me... I could not really deal with this now. I know I'd infuriated him in a way that showed he was very open to me and I deserved the reprimanding at the time.

But he hadn't actually said it, that he wanted to be my love. He'd just ASSUMED. They both had.

I faded into the dark weather over the SCA camp, and from there into my own dreaming space. I didn't come out until Rufus was back on the bus.

They had me in a corner, stuck between them, and I hadn't said yes. It makes all the difference.

## Chapter Eighteen

Steen

There's no dismissing Steen. He's got seniority.

My man Rufus found me in my dreams and showed me with his ravenous mouth how much he was missing me, even though it hadn't been two days. He bit my boob and brought me back to his waking world that way. That's abrupt but effective. Only then did he spend into me.

I could tell my Rufus from his smell and his taste and his very hum—the vibe of Rufus and no other. And almost the moment he had come he began to rock into me again, slowly refilling via the rhythm he made while wrapped in me, golden red hairs sparking against the dark fur of Beaver.

It was a long and rainbow filled ride which he ended by coming straight up into the cloud of me above him. I was filled not only with the pleasure he was causing me but wonder at the very beauty of him. He twined his fingers with mine—fingers that he had helped me shape—and pulled me close onto his chest like a blanket of glitter.

Eventually he rolled over so he was above me, and I began to fill into a pillow of Heidi's love for Rufus. Our fingers were still entwined.

Neither of us could squash the other. He tried his best for a bit, anyway. Then hizonner had a brainstorm with his sexy brain and flipped me over onto my belly, thrusting into me once in a



very special place that made me cry out immediately in joy with my arms and legs flying outward.

When my head flew back as well I felt his teeth on my neck. I moaned and when he was done with his gnawing and suckling at the fuzzy surfaces he created on me he flipped me again and suddenly there were his jewels in my mouth. I suctioned at them the best I could, avidly inhaling one of my favorite Rufus flavors.

I got my face well and truly sat on. This was a thing he didn't let anyone else do, he'd said. I shook my fluff of sparkle hair against his ass, kissing at everything I could reach, not averting my mouth at all because I did not want him to flinch in his mind, the way he did sometimes when Steen tried this. But he finally himself made sure of where my mouth could go. He sat directly upon my new lips. So gently I grew my mouth inside out and gave him this.

I felt shivers going through him and wrapped my arms like glowing vines around his thighs so he wouldn't fall off me.

I was drinking or being drunk, or both. It made my whole body very light feeling. Beneath my love's butt my crown sparkled like a constellation.

Afterwards I lay fully sated and feeling like a downy blanket of gleaming syrup, with the man on my forehead like a second crown, my inner screen all liquid beneath him and his legs on each side of my face. I felt the splash of his come on me and let it sink deep into my substance. He looked down past his relaxing penis and swiped at my 'brown nose'. The rest of me was like a wave dappled pond of light in front of him on the mattress, all relaxed.

Then I felt him kneel up.

Sure enough, someone's feet were athwart me and my Rufus had that someone's cock in his mouth. I pretended not to notice for a bit. I knew those legs, though. One of them is much more muscled than the other from his fencing, and the other is often tucked up on the opposite knee as he plays bass onstage. It was Steen. The two of them were making very sure I understood that there was no coming between them.

My acquiescence, the warm colors of emotion at the lovely things they were doing above me, was silent and casual. I let my bright arms twine up the upright calves of Steen. Nearly hairless, scrawny compared to his thighs, but shapely. Steen trembled and cried out with joy at my touch.

A warm olive green and orange shower of his happiness mixed with Rufus' red and blue. When they were through with what they were doing, they came and lay on either side of me.

When they were on a level with me they put it to me gently.

Like a flower to the sun I turned first to Rufus. My five eyes opened and I beheld the beautiful and powerful face of the one I loved, and I knew without a word that his arms around me and mine around him would not change—even if he had Steen in a dribble down his chin.

His eyes went over my head to the long limbed man behind me who would also always be there.

When their eyes met, Steen leaned in, wiry arms extended across me. Almost truculently I turned to meet his gaze with my crown of eyes. He returned my stare and made no move at all, though his eyes kept changing from brown to green to gray-blue and back again as I waited. His long dun-gold hair escaped from behind his ears and fell over me, and I did not resist my impulse to comb it with my sparkling fingers. It actually swayed.

He began to smile, just a little.

Back and forth between them I looked. At last my eyes met the blue eyes of my love again and with a small squeak I acknowledged the truth. To love him, I would have to love his lover. And almost immediately Rufus was in me, making me cry out again.

Obediently I hooked my thigh up with my arm to give Steen his access as well. And I must say that when I quit resisting the pleasure of having two lovers in me at once, that pleasure grew. Soon I felt as if I had fallen into a quiet version of their show, all multicolored fireworks and growls and whimpers.

I became their ring. They became my meat body which rained flavors and liquids of love all inside and outside of me.

When at last we three were all spent, I was lying on my face beneath them both, but not feeling smothered at all. Their limbs felt like a thicket protecting from the world the little light bunny me. Dawn was arriving outside the bus.

What would this do to the balances I perceived between Rufus and myself? Nothing, I suppose, because Steen was there all along and I wouldn't admit it. No wonder he could see me. When Steen leans over me, his changing eyes above me and his hair like a tent around us, I remember

the deep and old wisdom I sometimes glimpse even in photos of him. He could be fooling around in the picture, about to snatch Rufy's towel away and making a face, but even the joke seems fueled by timeless wisdom.

The next moment Rufus will push his great lion's head between us to nibble at my throat, as if warning Steen off his territory, and Steen will smile. My happy heart opens like a bouquet of blooming joy.

## Chapter Nineteen

### We Are Ringish

The next night, I went with Steen to his bunk to find out exactly how much of me he could see/sense. He can touch me and move me around, but the touch on me is sharper in consistency than the hands of Rufus. He can't hear me when I talk, though he knows I am there by a buzzing and humming. I can send him pictures to his mind instead. And when I touch him, he feels it—a lot. He reacts to any touch far stronger than Rufus so that I have to be careful or detached and not too excited if I don't want to drive him over the edge into an emotion.

He's pretty when he cries though. He doesn't get all blotched and red.

It felt strange to be more powerful in effect on Steen. But I grew to like it because he wants much more from me, no, I am not going to tell you all the things he lets me do or asks me for. Let us say that chameleon Steen is in touch with all sides of himself. He doesn't require subjugation often, but I am able to do it. He called me Gog-Magog when I did it, too. But all that came later.

One thing he cannot do is change my size. I am always roughly the same size as he is whenever we are alone. It is Rufus who knows how to do that scale switch, somewhere inside his amazing brain. I can be tiny or huge for Steen if Rufy's there.

And it turns out that as soon as Rufy began to put me in his pocket sometimes, Steen was there too! He took to pocket riding shortly after I had, once Rufus thought it could be possible for him

and wanted to tote him about. But he'd been choosing a separate pocket until now. That was how we had both come to be in Rufy's motorcycle jacket that fateful morning, spooned together. He confessed too that once I had been in the same pocket and he'd let me think he was a fountain pen.

I got somewhat abashed by that because Rufus has done some naughty things to little me with the pens in his pocket. They hadn't all been Steen, though, only the oblong-ish green one. And it's hard to be indignant when the pen is holding you in his long arms and apologizing, isn't it?

His apology also took the form of showing that he had a good idea of what a man does with a woman to please her, not just father Anna's seven children. Part of it was a chance to meet the woman in him. I secretly started calling her Barbie, because I was jealous of his/her hair, just a bit. Barbie's got simply gorgeous hair. Yes, I mean the doll they give to little girls. She's practically a goddess. But Steen has far too much dignity to answer to that name unless he's in my dreams.

Later in the evening they both were with me. They had been working in the barn studio on new songs, together. That was something new for Steen, to let the other band members co-write. But now he'd done one with Lindendahl, and one with Murray. Davey wasn't that original in his mind. If he wasn't such a brilliant picker he would've been happy in a cover band. Now it was Rufus asking to write a Virgen song, with the navigator's blessing of course. It's called Bring It On and I like it on Youtube. I posted it in my blog, too.

I was majorly glad to see them, and happy that they'd got things accomplished. It wasn't all smooth though, and neither was the butting they did at each other with me in between. But they ended up kissing each other over my head again. I was very serene at their serenity and swiveled my eyes up at them to send the thought to them both, all rosy with affection—*You are such poofers*.

Rufus chuckled. "Yes, we're just a couple of hillbillies from Poofers Froth Wyoming, population six." He ran his hand gently along my sparkling leg and sang me some of the Captain Beefheart song. In the song the town is bigger, but not much.

Steen just grinned and began to knead at my breasts in time to the song. It sent the air and sensation all over me between them until I felt as if I would ooze out, like a melty sandwich with

too much filling. I started rolling around in my pleasure and Steve got me onto my back. He put fingers into my bottom and showed me again how good he was with them, captured a taste of Rufus and himself on two of his fingers and brought them to my lips. I let it melt right into my tube of a mouth before he could kiss it all away.

Then he said, "How about you bint? Are you good with your hands?" He was hard again, and thrusting against the center of my palm. Rufus lay on my other side and did the same with my other hand. And both of them put their mouths on a breast and began to fuck my hands!

I lay there and spread my legs wide, like a brimming dish of female holding their maleness, and took charge of their cocks with as much skill as I could. It was sexy as hell and great fun, but I also felt like it was worship.

My tiara began to sparkle with brilliance that made me blink. My nipples would have blinked as well if they were not engulfed by such ravenous suction.

I became aware of a strange balancing of the bonds between us three. The flows of energy that linked Rufus and myself through my umbilical, through my throat, through my heart, through my belly, were also flowing symmetrically toward Steen. Steen's gold and green essence was equally light as Rufy's red and gold in comparison with the pixilated yin that flowed from me in two directions now, to their fundaments and up to their belly bowls.

My heart bloomed with brightness that they wallowed in as they suckled at my buzzing paps. We were all three a unit now.

They came almost simultaneously into my hands. I rubbed the result that was not immediately absorbed by the mouths there into my heart as they kissed, like sprinkling water on a nosegay. I felt divine. I just lay there like a big sparkly fountain pen caught between their two furry chests for I don't know how long.

It was quite a while later that Rufus roused himself enough to reach for me again.

I thought he would kiss my happy face with the many sparkling eyes, but he turned me around. I was worried. I usually faced him and thought the links wouldn't work backwards. He shushed me and assured me, *They'll be fine.*

So I let him wrap around me from behind as if he were Steen, and sure enough, the links were there. I felt the energy exchange between our systems starting to flow even as he very decorously

and gradually filled me with still more of himself. The previous deposits were nearly all fully absorbed into my magic. It was different being backwards with Rufus, but equivalent. Everything but the positions he took screamed to me the difference between my dear and that husband of his, Steen.

Speaking of the devil, he was slitting his eyes open now, watching us with one arm outstretched beneath our shoulders. His other hand was cupped in front of him as if he hid a treasure between the strands of his braided beard. As I was facing him, I began to humor him. I sent him visions of his lovely hand cupped like that, with its exceedingly graceful long fingers on the background of darker chest swirls; how handsome his face was, how blue his eyes were getting, how thick and curly were his dun-brown lashes, how silken the strands of his hair against his temples. How I adored the way he knew what he wanted. What a wonderful wizard he was.

He surprised me by putting the flat of that hand right between my chest and flattening me back against Rufus. Then he took me in my front hole for the first time. I felt shock and pleasure and some indignation because Rufus had evidently been in on this. He was rocking me back against Steen again in a far too reciprocal and knowing way. *It's fine*, he reassured me into the top of my neck, among the flurry of sparkles where my ear would have been.

Their cocks were abraded tight against each other, held by nothing but ethereal me. Rufus thought they would fit perfectly and so they did. The ensuing pleasure had by all proved to me decisively that the currents flowing from me to Steen were of the exact same nature as the ones between me and Rufus. They were equivalent, symmetrical, and now I was part of them both and my human wealth of love was double.

At some point as we got ever more boisterous and his concentration slipped, Rufus fell out of me and away, but he kept on thrusting between my pressed together thighs with equal pleasure. I made them extra furry with static and began to squeal with happiness at the new sensation. Both of them were licking and nipping with great reverence at my neck, shoulders and cheeks, their flying lips and tongues whirling past each other to concentrate on enjoyment of my sparkles.

I enjoyed breathing in through my nostrils as their suction pulled my insides wide and full. My head felt like it was a seed about to sprout a leaf out the top from pure joy.

Only when they were both at last at their peaks, joining me in the sweet between road to our dreams, did they let their mouths touch again, and they cried out into each other's throats right through me. *Good morning*, I said to them as we all three drifted away for a dream breakfast at a dream restaurant.

When I woke up in their world again Steen was off someplace, probably the toilet, and Rufus was drowsily imagining me decisively smashed in his arms in front of him, like a Heidi sweater. I enjoy that kind of crumpled much more than when the rubber me is included. I just relaxed around in the confines of where he wanted me until I began to feel a jabbing at my top knee. When I looked down, it was Steen. He'd returned and was using his mighty pick fingers to get my attention.

Eased by Rufy's kisses, I let him turn me around.

As he lay facing us, he used my sparkling hair like handles to get me onto my elbows to blow him. He reclined with one arm propping up his head so he could enjoy his perception of it. Rufus kept hold of me by the backside as if he were my human sarong. I got to twine my glowing arms around Steen's waist and—other things.

I enjoyed it rather a lot to have him bumping around the toothy knobs that had developed in my mouth tube. And when he began to pull out again, my lips would extrude to follow. At last he had it all the way out like a tongue, and flip flapping against him and the little drip starting on his penis end.

All at once I was on my backside. I consequently noticed that Rufus had risen up and was pulling wide my legs down at my other end. Steen immediately straddled my mouth and let me play flip and flap with his dangles. I just knew it—they were going to kiss up over me as I lay here. That's just what they did.

But the next thing, Rufus had grabbed my arms away from Steen's thighs and pushed them back up, thrusting the red and gold wiry hairs of his chest into the surface of me and blowing Steen himself. It was all Rufus, all my beloved, taking control of the loving and filling us both with himself. He made wonderful devouring love to us both at once and Steen's taste was in our mouths, mine and Rufy's, while Steen filled the air with his shouts and his hands with bright red



hair. When it got extremely vigorous I was kicking against Rufy's bottom 'like a damn kangaroo' as he says when I do it, until he was shouting too.

"Goddamit keep it the fuck down," came Murray's voice echoing down the aisle, laced with great pain. I discerned at least four snickers in chorus around us from other bunks. That's bus life for you; it's rather tribal. But Virgen Steel weren't really the hotel type when the tour didn't involve having to cross oceans. They liked their bus with the blades logos and the Jan blowup plastic girl on the grille.

Anyway, the three of us snickered right along with them. Well then, we'd keep it down. Steen pulled Rufus up and kissed him some more, the scientific hypothesis being that he should be able to taste himself that way, I suppose. I could still make remarks mentally so I did, with my tongue extrusion slowly deflating into my mouth again. *Yes, definitely poofers*, I said affectionately to Rufus, and showed Steen a vision of their kiss from below.

They'd been interrupted before they could come but were muffling each other quite effectively now with their mouths and were jerking each other off, both kneeling with legs spread wide over me. Rufus had Steen by the beard and was yanking him quite hard against his face, I thought, and smiled. Bukkake time. When I felt the hot droplets on me, I spread them around with my hands while curling all this way and that like a cat.

Rufus looked down, lips reddened and panting. *Pussy*, he thought at me, equally affectionately. He was propping himself against Steen, who had got quite sweaty. It dripped off his forehead, through his bushy eyebrows, down onto me. He got Rufy's clavicle into his pincer like pick-hand grip.

"We're taking a shower, bint," he said in a low voice, and pulled Rufy after him beyond the curtains. Perhaps they expected I might float along and do the same, but I felt too full of joy to move. And not dirty at all.

Three makes a ring.

## Chapter Twenty

### Band Banter

It was daytime again. Eventually I drifted over to see Beaver. He's a nice thing to come back to. I just petted his soft fragrant brown pile and relaxed in the bedding that smelled of Rufus. Snatches of conversation came echoing from the bus upper levels, the commons areas.

"Heard you getting pretty enthusiastic in there with your toys, Rufus."

"Nothing you haven't heard before, Lin."

"Well didja have ta yell?"

"Didja have ta drink so much last night Murray?"

"Less than you, Munsch. It's a crying shame that you leave all the complaining to me."

"No comment." Munsch was huge and Lin was slight, so to be friendly they would pursue that no further. I knew that humans and alcohol versus mass was a matter dependent on numbers and Murray was disadvantaged on capacity.

"Hey Rufus, how's Heidi doing?" That was the voice of Jurgen the snitch. For some mysterious reason Steen kept him as a roadie, and had since his days in the French subways.

Steen answered, his voice dry. "You mean his inflatable bint?"

"Shut up," growled Rufus. I checked; he wasn't actually angry. It was some sort of line they were going to feed Jurgen.

Davey piped up: “Yeh, don’t you rag on Rufy’s dolly.”

And Ole backed him up in his placid manner.

“Imagine our fearless leader ragging on the man for having a dolly. You wearing spandex at your age.” Now that was funny because they all wore spandex. But were they all in on whatever plan it was to fool Jurgen?

“Nah, she’s a real bint lives in Finland, I thought,” replied Davey. “Jan’s the dolly.”

“Jan doesn’t yell,” said Manny, the driver and head roadie at the moment. He should know. He’s the one who put Jan out front last night. Jurgen’s head was probably swiveling around like a bobble sculpture trying to follow all this.

“Cathy’s quiet too,” said Murray with a snooty pride which got more snickers.

“Indeed she is,” said Rufus, implying that he knew the girl firsthand, and sounding like he was about to start a speech. “That is neither here nor there, sirs. But since you have asked so politely, I will inform you that we have left her recuperating from her night of— “dramatic pause —“passion.”

“Passion, eh? Thought yer had a gleam in yer eye Rufy.”

“Bet you really took it out of her, Rude.”

“Bet she’s really deflated.” That got more snickers.

“Laugh if you must,” said Rufus grandly. “It is true she has her ups and downs.”

Murray was still being nasty. “You said ‘we’—to whom were you referring, to whom?”

“No comment.”

“My fault,” interjected Steen, with melodrama rolling off his vowels. “The full story is, she was just popping in to tidy up after us and she all at once just pattered herself right out. It was too much for her.”

“He means she encountered active opposition,” said Rufus, in an arch way. Steen just grunted.

“Ferret opposition.”

Okay, now they were mixing in some history. The incident of my body being punctured was very old, at least a decade old. But if they wanted to confuse Jurgen, this would do it.

“Which one, Steen, the one you stuff down your pants?” More snickers. Ferrets actually enjoy that, the little perverts.

“No, it’s the one he’s teaching to yodel.”

“No, it’s the one that sneaks onto the Internet and posts about you, Murray.”

“Not exactly,” said Steen, trying to sound guilty as well as dismissive.

“Well that would take it out of me if I was pneumatic, that would, pointy teeth,” said Ole mildly, earning more laughter. “Did you bite her, Steen?”

“No comment!”

“Steen, you dog you!” More snickers.

“Oh don’t you worry over Heidi; she’ll be fine,” said Rufus, completely confusing everything.

“Duct tape is a wonderful thing,” stated Munsch piously, and got still more laughter.

Jurgen did his best to find out how many girls extra we let off the coach before we left town, and which one might be Heidi. I don’t think he succeeded. Cathy was already gone before he started counting.

Manny was afraid Jan would blow away on the interstate, so she sat up front with him.

Incidentally, she’s got a few duct taped areas. That’s due to the roadies, not Steen’s pets.

## Chapter Twenty-One

### Next Heads Up

The album where the first collaborative tunes were included was called **Heads Up**. The cover was a very attractive group close-up of everyone in the band, side by side and ear to ear. The middlemost head was Rufus, grinning like a fiend. To his right, stage left, was Steen with the two ends of his beard, which at that time were about two feet long, knotted tightly around Rufus' neck. That put Steen's face at a three-quarter profile while Rufy faced front. Steen's lips were about half an inch from Rufy's jaw and he was pretending to be annoyed.

To the left and right, Davey and Ole each had hold of one of the ends of Steen's beard, looking slyly out of the frame as if ready to yank them tight. To balance it all, Murray Lin was tucked in to Rufus' immediate left, looking quizzical. I liked how their different colors and textures of hair and skin showed up. Ultimately it became their biggest selling album; the cover won some kind of award. Reviews use words like 'classic' and 'landmark', even though none of the songs was a big hit.

Steen snorted when I asked about that, after it was in the news feeds for Kapow. He said it was a rip-off of the lort on Mount Rushmore. Naturally I had to look up that as well.

It's the side of a hill with big white faces carved into it. Maybe it's the way one of the heads was set back from the others and others were facing at similar angles? I still don't get it. None of

those stone guys had a beard remotely like Steen's. Whatever they'd done, it got people to buy albums.

It was before I knew how serious those two were about one another. I thought that Rufus was always going to have me and Patty, and fifty or so others of course, besides Steen.

If I had thought in symbolic terms, I would have known they were 'tying the knot' even then. But back then, when Steen was gruff I let it drive me away. It's an easy thing for Steen to do when he wants some part of his life to remain a mystery.

## Chapter Twenty-Two

### The Blog

One afternoon when I was hovering around the computer, Steen saw that I was there and sat down on me anyway. He saw I had a blog. His alarm was bright and sharp enough to startle me into turning away from what I was writing and examine him. He held me close, breathing fast, and I ran my sparkling fingers along his brow and his jaw line. Why wasn't he proud of me for having it, like Rufus?

I can't tell his thoughts as well as I can tell Rufy's. He just looked at me with those eyes turning a muddy gray, but still clear as water. Then he sneaked his hand between us, where I had wound my legs around his waist, and fingered me until I dimpled and flashed with pleasure.

But then for some reason he felt it necessary to say, quietly, "You are a cunt like all cunts still," and give me a tiny smile.

Heaven help me, I saw red. That is Rufus' greatest and worst swear word. But I didn't fly backwards. I didn't push him away, or stop his caressing of me. But I'm sure he could see the color and feel the vibration of me change and darken. I reached behind me and typed.

*CUNT? I am not A cunt. I am THIS cunt. Me I am my own myself and so is my cunt my own and none other. You know that don't you? You are so god damn open. You are a bloody wizard psychic more sensitive than the average human, or haven't you noticed?*

I sighed, close under the tent of his hair, out my nose. I used my sparkling fingers on the falling strands and he let me. But he was in turmoil. He wanted to squash me. He bent me backwards against the screen where I had typed and pinched me between the edge of the desk and his abdomen. Just then we were interrupted by a ferret. He must have let them loose while I was occupied.

She was one almost as blond as Steen and very bouncy. She tried to play with him and nipped at his wrist a bit too hard, so he scruffed her. But for a crucial second he held me instead, so that there was a pause between the nip and the scruff that confused the ferret, who took it wrong. Her garnet button eyed muzzle raced around to his other wrist, the rest of her right behind, and she nipped him again, harder. My, was I glad I wasn't wearing my latex! It actually hurt Steen that time.

He swiftly reached right through me to scruff her again, and once her mouth was loose, brought her up to stare eye to eye into her tiny masked face. His big finger he forced between her jaws, daring her to nip again. She did not. So he set her down. She raced around at his feet, putting her nose to them and not nipping, then sped away.

"She had forgotten I'm not a ferret," he said shakily, putting his hands carefully on the desktop to each side of me. His eyes were nearly brown.

I typed right into his eye screen:

*You've forgotten I am not a psychic.*

"Is that why you're taking notes??" he suddenly raged, breathing like a bellows, his brows like a storm cloud. I was baffled. It wasn't like I was talking to the press or anything. And I just wrote the public entries as if I was a Virgen Steel fan, but I had other things I talked about too. Really, he ought to read it before he worried.

His picking fingers were dug deep into my arm now. Not much energy was able to travel in and out of my hand. He really wanted to pop me, didn't he? Somehow I wondered if it was even possible, now that I wasn't bound by the constraints of my inflatable origins. Just then Rufus came in.

I flashed Rufy's face into Steen's head and typed beneath his image, *Ask Rufus. Rufus knows.*



“What’s all this about?” said Rufus. He was looking really nice, all brushed and with shiny boots and buckles, his hair like a costly auburn halo of satin.

“You knew she blogs?”

“Everybody blogs, Steen, even school kids.. She’s not bad at it. And it occupies her. I think she might actually be a writer someday.” Steen just looked at me, his face going from red to gray, little red spots starting in his eyes. A huge concept was looming over him like a cartoon vulture, turning him to stone. I saw it now.

*Snitch...*

“Did you ask your kids if they have blogs? Bet they do.” Rufus tapped the toe of his cowboy boot. “Look, I’m not going to disarrange myself over this if I don’t have to, but you’d better let her up now.” His voice took on his bullhorn stage ring, though it didn’t get much louder. “Let. Her. Up.”

Steen looked at me warily, seeing if I really wanted up. I did. *Let me up*, I typed into his mind’s eye. I gave a sparkling pink pout. His fingers loosened. I whisked my arm out like a slicked noodle and flew to the ceiling.

I could hardly believe it. Steen was like a stone statue down there in the swivel chair. Rufus knelt down and spun him around to face him. The clenched hands flopped off the desktop and into Steen’s lap on the way around. Matter of factly Rufus said, “Did you read it?” His blue eyes tried to meet Steen’s and couldn’t because Steen wasn’t looking.

No answer. “Of course you didn’t or you wouldn’t be in a funk like this. Just read it.”

His hands opened and then shut again, but otherwise Steen didn’t move.

With a sigh Rufus got up and his boots clacked on the way to the kitchenette and back. He twisted the cap off the bottle of ale and set it with a thunk next to the monitor. Then he spun Steen’s chair around to face it and hugged him briefly around the shoulders, his leather jacket creaking.

“Just fucking read it!” he said, and clattered down the bus steps and out.

I stayed until Steen made a move. I was worried; I had never seen him like this. When his hand at last closed around the ale bottle, I went away between to think, or something.

## Chapter Twenty-Three

### Heel Spurs

Blog, have I mentioned how beautiful Rufus' toes are? Probably I have. They are long and gracefully tapering, just like his fingers, with the same fine red-gold hairs along their tops. In summertime they even get freckles the way his fingers do. He has taken great care of his feet because he needs them to be a good athlete, and that means they have never gotten crooked from pinching shoes the way Steen's have.

In Steen's defense, it's hard to find shoes that big. Nowadays he has them specially made. And he was not always a wealthy rock star. Once he was a starving rock star who slept curled around his equipment in the subway sometimes. That kind will wear any shoes close to the right size. That kind will get joy from the very fact that they pinch and make bloody spots inside them where they scrape.

I used both my husbands for references in developing my own feet. And of course it began with wanting lovely feet like Rufus. I enjoy just caressing them with my sparkles sometimes, and once when I was relatively small and just grazing like a little guppy along his shin hairs, he simply put his sock on over me. You have no idea how cozy that is.

Eventually I came out again but stayed straddling his foot while he padded around, examining the articulation of his ankle. As my original design left only conical stumps on the ends of my legs, it was obvious I needed to add a bend. I also sensed the flexing bundles of ligaments and

little bones running through the arches, echoing the design of the toes themselves deep inside the flesh.

Each toe has a sort of cushion of meat under where it hits the ground, then it springs in reverse up away from that place to meet the ground again upon its other end. The whole foot is a symphony of muscular curves, and the biggest one is called the arch. It's more like a shell, with curves going in more than one direction. Who can blame me for wanting to grow some of these lovely limbs?

Rufus helped by pinching on either side of where the bend ought to be. "There's more, gal," he explained. "There's also this massive hoof of a bone called the heel, going backwards. It holds our entire weight all by itself. Get a load of it." So I did.

I swarmed his heel and circumambulated it with my sparks. I even let him step down on me.

No, that doesn't hurt. It mainly gave me the insight that if I were to inflate suddenly, the whole superstructure of Rufus would topple because he really did put all his weight on his heels much of the time. But he smirked and informed me that he'd probably just bend his knees and ride me like a surfboard. Now I'll bet we'll try that during a dream. He's always coming up with things.

For now I merely flowed up him like an 'amazing Technicolor dream coat' as he put it. I took a moment to pretend his hair was mine with sparkles on the ends of every red wiry strand. Then I let him finish getting dressed. I had things to contemplate.

Thinking of toes on my feet was pretty easy. I stuck with five because of creator loyalty, I think. I started with sparkling pearly nails on each one, the inside toe having a much bigger nail because it was biggest. The toes fan out laterally from there to make a flap parallel to the world's surface. As I visualized the sparkling nail jewelry on the tip of each one and began to fold these fans up and down, searching for the best place for their bends, I got a sensation in the bottom of each foot area, where I couldn't see. There were openings, rimmed with petals like the ones ladies have in their crotches. *NEW MOUTHS!* I shrieked in the between. Oh my goodness, they were like the ones in my hands, only frillier. It was so exciting!

Steen happened to be napping and heard me shriek. I saw his eyes and brows, his trailing mustachios, come materializing into where I was. As he focused on my new toe work his nose took shape between as well. He sniffed. It was more like a dog's sniff than a ferret's. Then he

brought his lips along to explain. *The precise term is chakras, Heidi. These are your lotus feet, which we are to kiss when you manifest the Goddess. How nice of you to make us some kissable toes.* Then he smiled and his eyes flashed with at least six colors.

He stayed around for a bit to watch me find the right places for them to bend, and told me I ought to make the heel pointier and larger. I did. I visualized a cone of sparkle membrane to contain it, like a breast.

That's when things got away from me and started developing faster than I could think them. Perhaps it's because breasts have a nipple, and so a sparkle jewel pattern lodged itself at that place? It's just a guess. The point is: it got pointed. And sharp. It was a sixth nail--- no, a spur! A talon! My toes, which had been developing so gracefully, suddenly grew big to balance it. They were all huge, like claws. If I had new mouths down here, these were its teeth perhaps, but they looked nothing at all like Rufus feet now. I screamed again in surprise and disgust.

Steen popped right back of course, his whole head this time, with beard ends waggling and straws of long hair coming loose from behind his ears. He saw me rolling my eyes in dismay and chuckled. Then he leered. *Bird feet; that's all they are. Very sexy. I'd kiss them. Goddess Ishtar has bird feet all the time, my dear.*

But I didn't want bird feet! I was shivering and recoiling from them as they flexed, each one with its own muscles to use like little serpents, each one seeming to enjoy its new form almost without my permission. When he saw the extent of my distress, Steen came completely into the between and held me. He had to explain still more.

On his lap, safe in a pocket of whatever Rufus was wearing at the moment, I learned about the way the creatures who are made of meat develop from a single cell meeting another single cell and starting a preprogrammed chain reaction resulting in fresh new creatures of meat. It was like a video Steen showed me upon both our mind-eye viewing screens. All of them, the birds and the reptiles and the mammals, at a certain early point look exactly alike.

He showed me their feet especially. If I didn't want my feet to look like a bird's, I could change them, here. He did it all the time, he said. He's had lion's feet and bird's feet and hooves, just to frighten people now and then. It doesn't have to last.

Finally I looked down at my talons and my spurs and dimpled my face, pinking up to show him I was grateful and no longer hated my own feet. Then, creasing my forehead eyes nearly shut with the effort, I thought my toes into the toes I wanted. I erased the spurs in back into tiny pearly dots on my heavy and sturdy looking heels.

Steen's pride in me was like warm syrup . He lifted each foot and kissed each toe. He kissed the lotuses on the bottoms too. And that was the first time he let me kiss his feet in return.

And because we are discussing Steen's feet, never mind about the rest.

## Chapter Twenty-Four

### Damn Lily

Anna had this habit of taking in waifs which Steen takes the wrong way. She herself had never been a waif, and he has. He knows firsthand the rodent desperation of the truly rootless and fears it. I think it's why he continued until the very end to write Virgen Steel songs and make albums even when he could no longer tour. Every two years, like seasons, there would be the tour. He simply refused to stop making a product, though many critics began to say there was nothing new there. He had to have something to sell, always.

"We have so much, herre," was her refrain, accompanied by that dimpled soft smile as sweet as an apple. He would growl and say it should be for their own first, and she would go on to ask him if he saw his seven wanting for anything, anything at all, and of course they were not, in fact they were spoiled, but she taught them good habits as well as how to be generous and how to undermine a spouse's fears with reason.

He would have to content himself with glowering at the strays and frightening off the worst of them before they stole too much. They could hide nothing from him; their natures were as transparent as window glass to him, while his Fru Bountiful steadfastly believed whatever they told her for a sob story. She was polite that way, letting their lies unravel at their own natural speed and then telling them goodbye.

So it came to pass that very few of the strays became permanent parts of the Herren household, until Lily the eldest began to interfere. For she was a natural leader, was Lily, with stardom written upon her palms and shining from her brow. Her destined collaborators in the Moffs were drawn to her by sheer magnetism from the far corners of the world.

The new regime of 'Lily's gang' had already been founded when I was being born of Rufus' misery in his horrid first marriage, though it gained in momentum when she began her own band in her late teens. In this she was Daddy's girl. Her musical talent got her discovered by an agent who had no idea she was a descendant of Virgen Steel, in a London coffee bar the Moffs were jamming in. They transcended the sad Pierrot 'emo' style that was in vogue with their overlord vehemence, though they dressed to blend in with hair in multicolored streaks and white faces.

At that time she was still small enough to fit on his lap, not the runway model Valkyrie she grew into later. So she got commiseration from Papa Steen about how to fire temperamental bassists, or how to put out without making empty promises of forever. He didn't mind Cammie, one of the strays, becoming a permanent part of her life. He warned her about Chris and Tintin. He let her make her own mistakes. But she overestimated her own influence with him.

That is because when it comes to the extrasensory, Lily Herren is as blind as a baseball bat. She has his lovely hazel eyes, her mother's curvaceous proportions writ large, a fabulous singing voice, his athletic grace, and his scheming mind, but she also jumps without looking for a spot to land. Nobody told her that the reason her father lands on his feet is because he can see five seconds into the future. When she lands, it is often with a thump and a crash that makes headlines. 'Moffing it up' is what they call it now. And an early casualty was her parents' marriage.

Steen never let me into his private dreams; I'm not sure whether he could, not having imagined me first. But he is in Rufus' dreams quite a lot, as a guest, as I mentioned before. And both of us could not help but notice he was having nightmares. He'd show up for a Rufus scripted night adventure as if he'd just gotten away from something distasteful. And sometimes when he was in the bed and Rufus had already finished sleeping, Steen would be moaning and mumbling that mashed potato language he grew up with, so low I don't even think a Dane could make it out.

The kicker, literally, was when he suddenly yelled "Anna!" And the blankets all flew onto the floor when he sat up, shocked awake.

He shied away from Rufus as if touching would give him a shock. “Herren, what the fuck?” said Rufus, as his band-mate took the sheet with him down the aisle of the bus toward the shower.

I took things into my own sparkly hands then and insistently dreamed of Steen until he made an appearance there in my own dream space. That I have my own dreams shows how real I actually am, and that I could imagine Steen clearly enough to bring him there pleased me. “Please, Steen, what is bothering your sleep so much? The three of us are an alliance on this level at least, and when you are unhappy, so are we.” I had not brought Rufus, because of how Steen had shied from him in the bed. I hoped that would help him explain.

My dream Steen had reddened, sore looking eyes. And for some reason his ears seemed unusually large and pointed at the ends. “It’s because the children can’t tell what you really are. Lily has heard of you, my dear, but she thinks you are a real woman someplace. She’s telling all sorts of maerchen to Anna, and it is hurting us, as man and wife.”

I had tested Lily on that myself, as soon as Steen decided to bring her on tour with us this time. He wanted her away from Chris and Tintin’s bad habits, two of the strays who were on their way out of her circle a little too slowly for his fatherly taste. So he told her she should leave her Moffs for a season and guest star with the Virgens. He got her a group of reliable backup musicians, all old enough to mind their manners around him.

But no, Lily can’t hear my hum, can’t see my twinkle, and walks right through me like a ferret going through a cobweb. Steen said it’s common for the wizard talents to skip a generation in any case. He didn’t choose his Anna for that. So not even Bjarne the baby has ever noticed me, not even when I stuck my hand down his diaper. Ugh—never again...

“You have not been a parent, Heidi. We feel each hurt our children get. Yes, we even do not mind the smell of the baby’s farts, because it is our child. This is instinct. If Anna believes these silly things Lily repeats, she will take Bjarne away. It is like taking away one of my fingers.” He began to cry big wet tears all over my dream space. Soon we were in a big puddle of them and his nose was swollen and red. I held him all round with my marshmallowy soft and flexible dream arms and did the best I could to coo and soothe. And I touched all his fingers with the ones I’d been working on growing for myself, to reassure him.



Sure enough, he had seven extra at the moment, growing out of the backs of his hands in an extra layer, like scales of a fish. If I looked closely I could see little faces on each one where the nail would be.

I thought of the little Heidi I'd had once in Rufus' dreams and resolved to make myself one of those again sometime. How different it would be though, to have a completely new individual, not a copy of you at all, who was a part of you like that!

It was a bit frightening. How it must hurt to have them grow up and yet, what a relief to have them no longer fighting against you to be the way they thought was best.

I looked down at the Lily finger, and her brother Nils; they were the two biggest. It was as if they were developing cracks along where arms and legs should be. I saw the Lily finger wagging itself as if trying to come loose from Steen's poor hand. Nils was waving his head digit around a bit as if looking about, though it had its eyes shut. But his was a lot less restive than Lily's.

"No," said Steen, "there's no stopping it. They will grow up and be themselves. I only wish they could see and hear as much as their weird father, that is all, my dear. But if I do tell them the truth, the advokats for Anna will put me in the nut house where there will be no way to provide for the children. She cannot think of you as anything but another human woman, my poor Lily. And saying you do not exist is impossible at this point."

"I wish Anna could see me." We both sighed. The last time Steen had tried to convince Anna I was there, it had upset her rather a lot. She didn't mind him pretending he had an incubus; that she just took as another of his games. But for some reason, the feminine in Anna would not tolerate someone of her own sex around her Steen. Perhaps she thought that she was no longer as beautiful to him after all the things her body had been through to make the children.

We simply held each other until he woke up. Whatever came next was not going to be pleasant, and it was bound to come, as surely as a hurricane.

The talk of the Herrens' divorce is what got Patty started. She was a very tolerant woman; hadn't she taken in Junie and raised her as their own? If there had been other by-blows of Rufus' own DNA, she would even have taken them too. Tia and the boys were not raised to feel at all superior to Junie, even if she looked nothing like the rest of them with that Orphan Annie fuzz of caramel and her chocolate eyes.

But the conclusions she came to about the ‘Heidi’ business were a bit different. Putting the pieces together, she finally realized that there was a closer bond between her husband and Steen than could be accounted for professionally. They weren’t just workmates and drinking buddies. Whether they shared a girl or not, what were they doing in the same bed? Did they touch each other? Did they—

Sadly, when Rufus had been on the road, Patty had gotten involved with a local church, for socializing and community support for herself and the children. They had summer camps and Bible schools and the thought of what her Rufus was doing with other women was just part of the way men were, but with another man? No . That was abomination. He would never touch her again.

She’d sort of slid away from him carefully every time he’d hugged her, this time he got home. After dinner, in the TV room in their loungers, kids off to bed and her hands full of knitting and his full of the remote, she’d finally just said it:

“Heidi is really Steen, isn’t she?” Her rage was pouring off her like heat off an electrical element. She spent a lot of her self control on keeping her hands busy and her lip from curling into a snarl.

The content Rufus had been feeling being back at home shattered like toffee hit with a hammer. His eyes blackened to indigo and his face sagged in fifty places. Slowly, he just looked at her, shaking his head. Then he turned back to the television and hid his eyes in his hand. He didn’t know where to start.

He stayed so still and quiet while I did all the raging, despite the fact that she couldn’t see or hear me. *You hypocrite! What about the thousand and one girls he’s been with? Why didn’t they bother you? How can you hate him for this? It’s love, too!* I was tempted to fly at her and do—I don’t know what. It wasn’t as if she was any sort of threat, nothing like a bar fight. She was just sitting there, radiating her poison. In the end, all I could do was watch, and wait, just like her.

When at last words came from Rufus, they were in a hoarse whisper. “Don’t make me choose.” I could feel the pain in his chest where his heart was being ground into pieces.

“Oh no; you made the choice already,” she retorted, and shut the sewing box with a snap. She stood up with the neatly folded pile of blankets and said, “Sleep here.” The bedding landed with a flomp on his lap.

His eyes were on her as she paused in the doorway. Her eyes looked a little more liquid now, not steaming mad, and she was struggling with a lump in her throat as she spoke next. “I filed the papers yesterday. We can keep it real quiet. I don’t want anybody talking trash about my children’s father. Just don’t—touch me.” And we heard her hurrying upstairs.

Rufus didn’t sleep there. He stormed out and slammed the door so loud that I am certain Patty heard it. Then he drove fifty miles to Catriona’s and picked up tequila on the way and drank it with her when she got off her shift. No, Catriona can’t see me either, but she has an incredible laugh. Everything in the world strikes her funny, including gruesome tragedy and lewd lasciviousness, when it comes with tequila. Rufus and I needed to hear laughter very badly.

Even though the tour was over, within a few days both Steen and Rufus were back on the bus. It took a month of wrestling and arguing before they decided on the best place to buy a house where they could park it. The house is wholly owned by Steel Virgin Records Ltd and everything in it contributes to the production of music. Including Beaver and me.

Lily and the Moffs are not allowed here. They made their own way to the place in the tabloids and the charts that they hold now. And until Munsch left the band, he had a room here just like Murray and Ole do. In the end, the critics took more notice of that than what Lily did, because it changed the string lineup. The Virgens had been known for their ‘triple guitar attack’ up until then, though now and then it was mandolin or lute in the case of Rufus.

Yes, Lily did it. Jorgen the snitch explained to her that he always counted the girls who got on and off after a gig, and she found out that Jan the blowup doll had once been named Heidi from Murray, and jumped to conclusions. Steen has never forgiven her, and his solution was not to tell her she was no longer his daughter, but to tell her she was no longer allowed to associate with his band. Moffs and Virgens don’t mix.

## Chapter Twenty-Five

### Big and Brown

“Ooh ain’t she big and brown?” Rufus was yelling at the kegger being held for everyone and their press agents by Steel Virgins Ltd. *Get in, Heidi, pretty please*, he was simultaneously begging me with his mind. He was waltzing around with the rubber doll in her new battle metal getup, in honor of the new album. This was one of those special occasions.

Heidi Paaskelin, the real one, is operatically trained, like so many of those Finns, and she can also play the accordion. It seems every band up there needs a male growler and a female aria singer and prehistoric clothes; hers was no exception. The main reason Rufus chose her for this elaborate deception was her name. Though I did think the bear skin she holds around her hips with that big belt like a wrestler’s was a bit Beaver-like. On stage it looks like its jaw has hold of one of her legs; this one was just a hank of fake fur the right size and color, but it was soft. I spent a bit of time stroking it with my sparkles, reconciling myself to confinement albeit with Rufus holding me. Then I dived in.

Rufus paused with his wisecracks and nursing on the beer bottle long enough to welcome me with a sloppy kiss. When he pulled away his face was liberally smudged with bright red war-paint. I must admit, it was satisfying to see the effect our kiss had on him from this vantage, and to feel his fingers digging so deeply into my shoulders that air was displaced into my belly.

He grinned in triumph directly into my eyes. The beer bottle was empty now, so he tossed it away, causing the person it hit to swear, and grabbing some attention. Then he brandished me in the air and howled as he wiped the paint around, smearing the remainder of it in streaks over his chest. All eyes were definitely on us now. Cameras flashed. Then he cradled me in his arms as if we were doing the tango, nearly treading on my bare conical foot stumps (how I loathed their toelessness) while he murmured sweet sounding nonsense to me with his red hair all around our faces. Now and then he'd pause to wrap one of my arms around himself for a moment, or nibble on my neck. The crowd parted for us, hooting and guffawing, cameras like a storm of bright flashes I tried to ignore.

When we were abreast of one of the phone cubicles with a folding glass door, he pulled me in with him and shut it on the crowd. I could see Dan the bodyguard's back, but he was purposely leaving a space where the gawkers could glimpse what Rufus was doing. Except for everyone looking, it was like old times.

"Oh Heidi, you were perfect. You *are* perfect," he said into my cheesy borrowed red hair. I squealed as loudly as I could and sent maximum inflation into the arms around him. He already had his trousers undone. Now he shoved the whole business, belt and all, down to his knees and pounded me into the wall. I began to hate the metal bikini top like Princess Leia's that they'd dressed me in because it was between my rubber and his gorgeous skin. I was tempted to abandon the material and just mist all around the booth but I refrained. Really, it was no worse than the belt. And they were being so NOISY out there!

But when I came, and he soon followed, I no longer cared what they might be able to see. It was too wonderful the way pearls of sweat were springing out of his beautiful skin wherever there was not a greasy red streak. I simply merged my happy sparkles with the cubicle's air and enjoyed the perfume of him to the fullest.

Later, when we were breathing again more regularly and he was using the inflatable me for a pillow, we made a phone call. It answered on only two rings. "*Dixon Hill*," said a sweet young voice.

"Hey, Tia. Is your mom there?"

"Daddy, are you drunk?"

“Indubitably.” He chuckled indulgently at the censure in her tone. “It’s my image I have to maintain, honeycakes. Now lemme talk to your maw.” And Mistress Patty was eventually brought to the phone.

“Rufus?”

“Hey, Peapod; thought you’d like to hear it from me first. Me and Heidi are gonna be all over the front page the next couple of days. Tell your chum bucket lawyers.” And then he hung up. And after that he cried until his nose was red, all over that big brown fake bearskin. The stalwart Dan kept people away. And Steen and the boys were keeping the crowds entertained by licking fake blood off daggers.

Rufus had done what she asked. She could pretend her children’s dad was not a queer until they got old enough to live away from her at last.

He and Steen made sure it backfired though, the day Tia turned 21. They held another press conference to tell the world they were married. By then ‘Heidi’s Big Brown Beaver’ had been a novelty hit for nearly a decade.

“I think it was that threesome with Heidi that decided us,” Steen joked. Both of my men are so good at shoveling the shit.

“Naw; I just decided after two bad marriages I’d only settle for a virgin,” Rufus wisecracked, dodging a fake blow from Steen. On the way down he got hold of the famous goatee and yanked him in for a passion show.

I am sure that they kept very quiet about that particular bit of news over at Dixon Hill.

## Chapter Twenty-Six

### Proposal Wizards

Dear Diary,

I am now happily married to two husbands. We had our own ceremony privately because the nations they come from don't believe in having more than one husband or wife at once, but we do, obviously! I have two rings, and so do they.

Last night Steen proposed and I said yes. They were very ceremonious about how they

Let the record show that I was interrupted for still more honeymoon behavior just then and it's several hours later and the guys need to get ready for the show in Brussels now. I have my brain to myself for a bit. This narrative is not going to be at all chronological. I've lost count of the many ways they have devised to make me feel cherished. My beauties. My larks. My husbands.

It all started the day before when coincidentally I had been checking up on the news feed for Virgen Steel and there was a little sentence about Rufus. It said he was happily married with three children. That they left out Junie and the grandkids should have got me thinking it was only half truths, but no, that teeny phrase 'happily married with children' started me in on feeling inadequate. Not only can it never be true for us two, but they were completely going on as if his quiet divorce hadn't even occurred! The flesh woman wins again, I was thinking.

It didn't occur to me that Rufus might have been sly with the interviewer, saying he was happily married *and* had three legitimate kids, not specifying to whom. Anyway I was somewhat

avoiding the bed until rather late, when Rufus was napping, just a weepy miserable mist of myself. Steen showed up and tried to have some fun with me but I was a poor substitute for being by himself I think, not interested in coming for him by any method at all. At last he mumbled “aw for helvede” the way he does and shook Rufus to tell him something was wrong with me.

Mister Blue eyes opens them wide and all at once I’m boohooing all over his chest about how it says he’s happily married and I must be an absolute idiot thinking that I am more than a convenience to him and sorry it just came as a shock and I’ll be better and more cheerful once I spend some time in between, but then, before I can melt away Rufus begins screwing me desperately, forcing the pleasure into me before I can deny it.

I at last relaxed and lit up because yes, he pleases me, and yes I still want him no matter what—but when I came I still disintegrated into between for a bit, just as I said. I simply had to. I had to accept deep in myself that the words on the net were less true than Rufus loving me. Then I was calm enough to come back.

It might have been a couple of days or a couple of hours; the bus was very quiet. And the men were waiting for me. They’d tangled themselves together and Steen’s deep gold head was to the left and Rufy’s flame red to the right on the pillow of brown Beaver.

Steen’s one visible eye flashed a slit of green up at me and then he visualized in my mind deliberately—a ring. He had visualized every curve and facet of it, a twist of two metals, gold and copper, clear as if he’d used CAD. When he sensed my admiration, and that I knew what it symbolized, he did a very surprising thing: he put it on my finger with his mind! I had forgotten he was a wizard with very strong thoughts.

He put it onto the other hand to the one where Rufy’s elastic ring is. And his thought was quite clear, like an announcement from a speaker right in my head: *are we more symmetrical now?* And the answer is of course, yes, yes!

I reached for him and let him show me how he feels and what he knows of me, which is so much because he is so wise. I am so very glad of him. As we embraced, I noticed that Rufus was watching. He was our witness, and now, because we are three and not two, these clever men had devised a special consecration just for this moment.



Gently Steen spread my sparkling legs as wide as they go, short of a splits. Then he took the hand he'd just put the ring on and placed it between my legs with his over it. Rufus sat up on the other side of me and put my hand with his ring on it there too. Aloud Steen said in a low voice, "Now then bint, frig yourself." I could tell Rufus was highly pleased. He'd taught me how.

You tell Me how that can seem romantic! But it did. I could feel my eyes wide and rolling like Betty Boop and my whole face grinning as if it might fold in half. I squeezed my breasts together so the nipples bobbed and wiggled my fingers as they pressed them ever deeper into my own crotch and made myself come like a spring welling up, showering us all, the way Rufus taught me.

Even as I was distracted by my own joy, they each seized one of my feet and kissed it. It was a Fivefold Kiss! That is something Steen had showed us. Next they each took my knee and kissed higher. I was so happy I was floating up to the ceiling of the bunk, and their mouths followed me up, each kissing at the juncture of my legs where the creases are, Steen's soft mustaches and Rufy's full lips and harsh stubble. They guided me down lower again, Rufy's tongue sliding up my belly like I was an ice cream, until each of them had a breast to kiss. I felt Steen's powerful picking hand tighten around my arm as they bore me back to the mattress, nearly lost in the reveling they were doing in my breast and heart light.

At last they moved up my throat and each kissed me on the mouth. Rufus was thinking I was splendid. Steen was thinking I was a goddess now. I felt every eye on my whole body sparkling as brightly as my tiara. Then they proceeded to meat and drink and meat and drink with me between them almost as if they shared a brain. Every thing they did was perfectly symmetrical to the left and the right of me and I came like the lightning in a thunderstorm. I am sure I squealed aloud. Somehow they got both their penises into me at once, creating when the two heads touched their own fountain, not of light but of magic.

When they were both trembling and shrinking, yet held together by me still, they each raised one of my hands. They were thinking the same thought—*do you like this?*

And my answer was, of course, *I do; I do! I do.*

Then Steen began to seriously pay court to my left breast and fuck me with the erection that grew in the next minutes, while Rufus slid higher and feasted like a starving man upon my sparkling

face. Every time I thought I would dissolve in joy and leave them, they kept me filled with new sensation, Rufus thrusting into the palm of my hand like a red hot plethora of delight. It was *solve et coagule*.

When finally we rested, Rufus rolled to my left and Steen rolled to my right, each clasping one of my legs between theirs, facing me. I must have been grinning like a porch light. Rufus propped his head up on one elbow with my arm snaking beneath his head and looked at me like some sort of marvel. Steen was putting my bright wiggy head in the crook of his arm beneath the dun tent of his hair. I felt the tendrils of dark yin energy snaking from my belly to theirs, flowing gently in both directions to be transmuted. I saw them inhaling the heart effulgence from my chest, letting it fill their minds. And then their hands met above me, palm to palm. For the first time I noted the matching plain gold rings upon their middle fingers. How long had they been there before I was even alive?

The most perfect concentric crescendo to all this was that Rufus raised me up to his lips as he sat cross-legged. Then Steen sat on him with me in between. Slowly I lowered myself onto Steen while Rufus made me exactly the right size to face him and kiss him while he grew to fullness in Steen. I don't know how long we sat this way, each of us nearing complete dissolution and taking deep calming breaths to retreat back to one another. I felt that I was the wick in their lamp.

My two husbands are splendid together. The interrupting 'honeymoon behavior' I mentioned went like this:

I was hovering round the PC inputting this, wondering why nobody else is in the bus this day, and suddenly Steen is flopping onto me in the swivel chair, grinning and growling and wagging his eyebrows. He fills me with himself until I am absolutely fulfilled! But I am wondering what became of Rufus.

Then Rufus is thrusting Steen into me. He's the top layer. Steen has my knees wide and is getting hard all over again from Rufus in him. The expression on his face is manic glee—I can see every one of his flashing teeth! This is a new facet of them both that I had never thought to see off stage. I'm sure my face must be registering my incredulity and awe. I think I might have thought that word clearly, *splendid*—

I see Steen thinking of his own splendor!--which causes him to dive on me like a raptor and my legs to shoot straight up into the air. I wonder why the chair isn't falling to bits under us. Rufus grabs my calves and begins rocking us as if they are a steering mechanism on a sled going down a slope. I am coming fiercely and squealing, possibly out loud. Steen has come again but he's hard nearly instantly from what Rufus is doing to his insides. Still, he might slip off the chair completely unless I wrap my legs around the three of us, so I do. My ankles meet in their familiar station at the small of Rufy's back.

Rufus is ringmaster for this. He's diabolical. He gets Steen by the hair and pulls his shoulders up where he can bite and gnaw. Oh it looks so HOT! When Rufus starts them moving again I move too, and soon I am flapping my arms and drumming and kicking with my heels at Rufus as I yell my joy. Like a shower of sparks from a Roman candle the man on the top ignites in his release, and it rolls down through Steen and into me even as I am flopping like a landed fish in my amazement and pleasure.

When I am able to focus my eyes on my sweaty and spent husbands, they are looking down at me abashed. For some reason they need reassurance from me, the female, that I am not put off by what they were just doing. Now really, it wasn't any more 'gay' than other stuff they've done with me, was it? But I don't put it in that snippy way. Instead I tell them how awesome and splendid and godlike they were. It's oh so true. I humbly thank them for including me in it.

It turns out that they put the whole crew into a hotel just for one night, on purpose, so that they could marry me in this way. Steen has been planning it ever since he first read this blog. That's when he knew I was not a disloyal worm in the apple, but a true being with loyalty to my husband. He trusted in the powers that formed me to be best for us all and let me into his heart all the way.

Overnight I have been transformed by Steen's wizardry into a shiny happy married lady. I'm consecrated unto them. It's wondrous. And needless to say this is going to be a private entry, not a public one.

## Chapter Twenty-Seven

### Pocket Buddies

Dear Diary,

Just now Steen snagged me for a kiss before they begin the show in Moscow. He also wanted to help me understand what it is that Rufus does before a show that makes him seem so much like a furnace. He's like a conduit of something I can't explain and neither can Steen, but we lay there in his pocket and watched.

What Steen wanted of me before the show was to center himself within himself. It's a meditation skill, he says, but "it's easier with a bint than alone." All I know is, it's not sex exactly, but more like he drinks from my belly with a straw and I drink from his. Rufy would be pulling me to him like an elastic, and not before the show. It just demonstrates that my two husbands are not identical and interchangeable, even to me. What they bring to the performance onstage is also unique.

When we're on the road and he can't look out the windows, Steen gets carsick, so he takes a pill of something that makes him sleepy. Rufus often has us both in his pocket during the journeys, even though Steen is actually asleep in his bunk.

Once I came to visit Steen in his bunk. I thought I would get to know my new husband one on one. He rolled his long golden arm over me and gathered me to his chest. I looked deep into his eyes, as my breasts were exploring the swirls of his chest hairs, and watched them change colors

like a kaleidoscope as they reflected my tiara. Steen prefers to keep what we do private and I am not going into detail, but the point is, we loved. And when he drifted off to sleep his own private sleep, I looked around and recognized the inside of Rufus' pocket.

A wisp of thought drifted to me from the man himself as I felt him brush us with his elbow. *You're my babes in the woods.* I could almost feel him smiling. He liked having us cuddled into his pocket like this, even though he was so big compared to us that we could forget he was there.

There are things I can do for Steen that even Anna would not. It's amazing how much more tranquil he became once we began it, and how seriously he values these things, enough to be my husband.

But you could say that instead of being in the closet, we're in the pocket. Rufus now and then puts me in Steen's pocket, just for variety, but it's up to me how long I stay. And the things Steen likes me to do in his pocket are different from what I do next to the skin of my Rufy, and again, the details are not for anyone else. It will suffice to tell you about some of the fine things Rufus and I get up to.

I mentioned that once Steen was there disguised as a pen? Well, I sometimes am running myself up and down Rufus when he's as big as a tree trunk, when he'll have to concentrate on something else and I suddenly find out it's a pen I'm caressing with my arms and legs instead. Yes, he actually slips me away from his cock and moves me to the pen before I even realize! I used to sulk a bit about it, but it comforted me to feel the warmth of his torso filtering through the cloth and I would get over it pretty quickly. Nowadays I try waiting around until he's done with whatever it was, and then give a 'pen-show.' But if it takes too long, I'll be off to blog or some other intellectual pastime.

I have done Heidi the snake charmer, humming and stroking him to giant hardness. I have done Crushed by World's Biggest Balls. I have hidden in the Hiding Bush at an inch high until it was convenient for me to be larger with him, between the steering wheel and his chest. He has concealed me in his palm and licked me all over, but especially between my legs. I have explored inside his socks. I've even ridden his tongue around inside his mouth. Most often, though, I am curled up like a ferret or a kitten, napping in a familiar pocket.

If Steen is there too, sometimes it's my job to wake him up. But he is awake and out in his world...oh, when I wrote that it was a very happy time. I wonder if Rufus misses having both of us in his pocket.

## Chapter Twenty-Eight

### Old and New

“Go away, Heidi;” he says; “you are a figment of the collective Virgens unconscious.”

He says that to a gorgeous Technicolor woman hovering over his bed? Okay, Ole Lindendahl is a big fat meatloaf not worthy of my trying to associate with. He quit writing songs for the band immediately after **Heads Up**, the first collaboration, and just hit the skins, getting fatter and balder. I don’t think he has any hobbies besides drumming and mowing the lawn and drinking beer. When he’s not staying in his room at the Steel Virgins Ltd, I can barely locate him unless he’s thinking about the music. Let his wife and kids in Encino have him to themselves.

Steen dying just meant the end to Lindendahl. He feels retired, and only showed up here for the probate stuff. I am not even going to bother with Tiger-fingers. Murray Lin seemed a little too eager to kick Rufus out of the property and start his damn music school here, all tax deductible. Right after the funeral Rufus caught him breezing through the downstairs studio, making entries into his Blackberry and talking as if it was a done deal into his little headset.

“Lin, who are you selling the farm to?”

The pianist in the pinstriped suit let out a long-suffering sigh. “Nobody, Rudy. It’s just in case”

Dixon roundhouse kicked him through the picture window. Admittedly he was already a bit buzzed; there was Jack Daniels in the glass he set carefully down first. Alarms went off, the bodyguards came running, and he ran out to pick Murray up out of the hedge and tell him how

sorry he was. Yet another news item to sell albums, Steen would have said. At least they agreed that it was too soon to decide the future of the Ltd.

While the window was awaiting repair, Rufy and I moved back into the bus. Everything still works. Being Rufus, there was a party, and plenty of hangers-on, some of whom were willing to fiddle while he played mandolin. The ferrets are long gone so nobody got nipped. But we all got very drunk, even me, because I shared my man's intoxication. Tia and the boys were there, and even the Moffs. Moffs aren't allowed in the house, though.

Cammie even felt Rufus up, which amused us both quite a bit. Lily pulled her off him at last, saying it was practically incest. 'Don't gross me out; go for Germaine,' is how she phrased it. What can I say? She's a Moff.

Rufus' eldest grandchild by Junie, Germaine, has gradually moved in with him. Junie doesn't want him to be alone. Whatever Patty might think, to her he's dad. Biology isn't everything. Since he's too mature for a lot of the stereotypical grandson behaviors, he's just sort of a brotherly companion. And he goes to community college too; it's all very beneficial to his education—pre-med.

Sometimes I think he might notice I'm there. When he catches Rufus mumbling to me aloud, which he will do sometimes for emphasis, I think he wonders. Silver hair and wrinkles excuse a lot, to the young. I wonder if he gets his pipes cleaned as often as his grandpa does? He doesn't always come home at night.

When the Moffs were here for the 'wake' I did take special notice of Lily. She did have a sort of a glow about her. I mentioned it to Rufus and he just smiled and let it slide.

He plans on going to a jam session down in the valley this evening—all acoustic. It's so lovely when I can attend. They play for pleasure and not money. Rufus has grown his beard out especially, and wears spectacles he doesn't really need, in order to be anonymous. Believe it or not, Cammie and Tia play there too. He says Cammie is going to go bald like Ole if she doesn't give up drumming.

But I am not in the mood for music. I am remembering Steen, away from his music. It was such a shock to find him all alone in this very bus one day, while Rufus was off getting 'she dumped me' sympathy from his many ladies. He was making quite a cross country trip out of it, actually.



But Steen was not at the Bolthole looking for a bear or a twink. He had gotten the keys from Manny and let himself in here.

I'd been missing Internet access because it wasn't on Rufy's mind at all just then, so when the bus PC went online, it drew me. And there was Steen, even without his ferrets; they'd all been left with the kids as if nothing had changed.

He spoke aloud, bitter as that horrible coffee boiled through aluminum and wire that he cooked himself sometimes. "Anna doesn't want me there. I have to wait for visitation days." He met my five eyes, even the ones on my chest, then let me flow down from around the monitor where I'd been hovering and curl around him like a big fluffy blanket of twinkles. I pressed my tiara to his creased brow, trying to smooth it.

He was almost a stone again, but not from rage; it was leaden sadness, and it cost him much effort to heave a sigh against it. Then he blinked exactly once and wrote in my mind's eye, our easiest form of speaking. *It's happening. No way to stop it.* His eyes were wide open and staring, and tears simply dripped out of them and rolled into his beard. They were not focused on anything, but I looked over at the monitor to see what he'd pulled up anyway.

It was the middle daughter Lise's page on Zango. She was calling herself Pizzagrrrl90. There was a photo of Bjarne and a caption—Cutest stink-butt. Rufus had been right. The kids had blogs.

When the little digital readout in the corner of the screen said seven, Steen shook himself and took a few breaths. 'Visitation' or not, this was the time of day when he made seven calls to seven phone numbers, even Lily's. Anna would answer for the baby and hold it to his ear, because she wouldn't dream of interfering. And every conversation this night contained the words, *Jeg elsker deg*, which means I love you, more than once.

When he got to little Nina, she just cried into the phone, and so did he. She was six. Eventually he simply told her to take very good care of Ronya, who is a ferret, and ended the call. In retrospect I think that was the hardest one for him.

When all the calls were made, he opened his shirt and began to claw at his own chest. It looked like he wanted to tear his own nipples off. He only stopped when I plastered myself all over him front to front and blanketed him with whiteness, and even then darkness was leaking out of his

pores, from his back and his scalp until his head looked inky black. He kept moaning, “It hurts, Heidi; it hurts.”

I don’t want to tell any more. Steen or Steena might not want me to tell, and I know the Steen I am remembering wouldn’t. I can’t always fix it when they hurt.

But as I sat here leaking remembered sadness, Germaine walked in. He looked right at me, and then rubbed his eyes. Rufus had already left for his acoustical date. He knew nobody should be using the PC, especially not some naked chick wearing a crown.

He’s getting his nerve up to say something....

“I didn’t believe it...”

Now this really cheers me up.

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